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Story of
ALL SAINTS
ENNISMORE GARDENS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Mrs. Ethel M. Richardson



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*The Story of All Saints
Ennismore Gardens
(Knightsbridge)*

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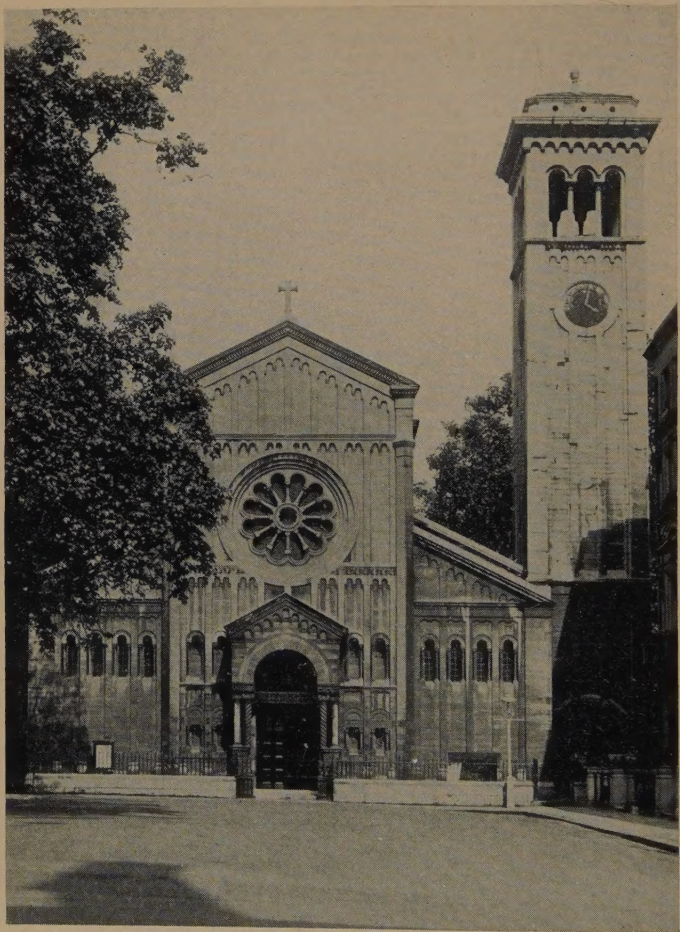
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NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS

LONG FORGOTTEN DAYS

REMEMBRANCE WAKES

WILTSHIRE FOLK



WEST FRONT—ALL SAINTS, ENNISMORE GARDENS

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The Story of All Saints
Ennismore Gardens
(Knightsbridge)

By
Ethel M. Richardson

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TO
MRS. GEORGE LOCKETT

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

IN accepting the offer to write the Story of All Saints Parish, my hope was that Parishioners, on learning the facts as to how it came into being, who built the Church, and who the many were who embellished it, might feel a call to attend its beautiful Services, and restore once more "The Golden Age," when pews and galleries were filled to overflowing. With approximately 7000 parishioners, this would not seem to be an impossibility. All profits from this book will be given to the Endowment Fund of All Saints, now sadly inadequate to its needs.

For help in my work my thanks are due to the following : Major-General Sir Frederick Robb, K.C.B., Mrs. and Miss Anne Hastie, Mrs. Payne, Miss Baynes, Miss Butler, Mr. Job of Messrs. King and King's, Mrs. Wanklyn, Mr. Sanders, Mr. L. J. Brown, Mr. Fitzcosta, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the London County Council, the London Museum, and to Mr. J. H. Stone for his beautiful photographs.

ETHEL M. RICHARDSON.

63 *Ennismore Gardens*,
S.W.7.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
"Where is Ennismore Gardens?" A Map of 1817. "The Queen's Palace." The Shah's visit to Queen Victoria.	
"The King's Private Road." "Half-Way House."	
"Hell Corner." Brompton Lane. The Penitentiary.	
A Coach Field. "Neat Houses"	19

CHAPTER II

Harvey and Nichols. Miller's Eel Pie House. Smith and Babers. "Genteel Neighbourhood." "Morals of Soldiers." Stratheden House. Kingston House. High Walls. Elizabeth Chudleigh. Tried for Bigamy. Eden Lodge. Old Lowther Lodge. Countess of Blessington. Count d'Orsay. Queen Caroline. Her Funeral Cortège. "To the City." No Plate or Description. "Soapy Sam." "Clean Hands." Samuel Whitbread. "The Brompton Boilers." Soyer the Chef. Vauxhall and Cremorne. Brompton Chapel. "Malta and Gibraltar." A Hamlet. "Not a village." Muddy Roads to Campden Hill. "Post Horses Used." Brompton Chapel. Trinity Chapel. The House of Lepers. Rev. William Harness. Reid's Public-house. The Windsor Coach. Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. Mr. Harness decides to Build All Saints. A Site in Hyde Park. Lord Listowel sells the Ground. "Kensington Turnpike Road." "Pleasure Gardens." "Intended Church." "Keep up the Shrubby." Trouble over the Site. Mr. John Elger Objects. Party Walls. Roads. Sewage. Arbitration called in. A Decision arrived at. Smoke Nuisance. Mr. Smith's Back Windows. His Housemaid's Opinion. "A Furnace Flue." Mr. Smith's Garden. Access to the Church. Gates and Paths. Strict Rules. Ennismore Place. An Adjacent Meadow. Mr. Bruce-Armstrong. "Over Seventy Years Ago." Enthusiastic Appreciation of Mr. Harness	24
---	----

CHAPTER III

Mr. Harness Edits the Works of Shakespeare. A Friend of Dickens. One of the "Inner Circle." The

Chosen "Nine." Reading of *The Chimes*. Maclise's Picture. Toby Veck. Meg. A Dinner of Tripe. Mr. Harness weeping. Dean Milman. Lord Byron's Offer to Mr. Harness. Harriet Martineau. The Old Kent House. Dedication of All Saints. Cardinal Manning Preaches. Vulliamy the Architect. San Zeno di Maggiore. An Anxious Prospect. A Memorial at All Saints. The Harness Prize Essay. £500 Collected. Cambridge Accepts on Certain Conditions. First Essay, 1873. The Harness Family Pleased. "A benefit to the University." A Brother of Martin Tupper Paints Sky, Stars and Red Pillars in All Saints. A Mixed Choir. Tate and Brady's Psalms. Mr. Harness meets with an Accident. Dies at Battle Abbey. Rev. Huntley Greene. Rev. John Blomefield introduces Hymns. The Tower is Built. A Four-faced Clock. Grateful Neighbours

37

CHAPTER IV

The Duties of Parishioners. No Endowment for All Saints. Duchess of Argyll. Queen Victoria pays a visit. Yellow Coach of the Duchess. Hammer Cloth. Powdered Flunkeys. Immense Dinners. Long Menus. Sufferings of Horses. Linkmen. Capt. Robb, R.N. Takes a Lease in Rutland Gate. His Widow advised to leave "The Wilds." A Toilet Set for Napoleon I. Laurel Wreaths. Lord Bathurst Objects. Building of Rutland Gate. Mr. John Elger. The Beating of the Bounds. Some Horseplay. Stones and Potatoes Thrown. Glass Broken Annually. Is the Guy Vanishing? No Right of Way to Brompton. A Long Way Round. Old Gates Abolished. Rutland Gate's Oldest Houses

48

CHAPTER V

Distinguished Residents in Rutland Gate. Father of the Army. "The Pompadours." The Queen's Aide-de-camp. Sir Edmond Commerell. Mr. Montague Cookson or Crackenthorpe. Sir Francis Dalton. A Niece of Lord Macaulay. A One-armed Crossing-sweeper. Major Hussey's Improvements in Hyde Park. Lord Redesdale. The Dell.

CONTENTS

II

PAGE

A Dépôt for Rubbish. Mr. Liddell's Lovely Daughters. "All a Growin'." Dizzy Loved a Muffin-bell. An 1860 Burglar	52
--	----

CHAPTER VI

Canon and Mrs. Blomefield leave. The Golden Age Dawns. The Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart. His Ideals. A Strong Committee of Laymen. San Zenone, Verona. Sgraffitto. New Arrangements. A Supper for the Husbands. "Feed the Brute." English People. Football and Scholarship. An African Correspondent. A Lumber Sale. Mr. Sanders' Appointment as Organist. Choirboys "Make it Hot for Him." A Wonderful Record. His One Trouble. Harmony and Melody. A Sad End to Mr. Crackenthorpe. A Cremation. A Glass Receptacle. A Terrible Fog. Railway Collision. Badly Bruised. A Trying Experience with a Blower. Choirboys in Plenty then. A Concert. Mr. August sends Plants. Mr. Heywood Sumner. Lord Ashcombe. Mr. M. Dobson. Mr. C. C. Laing. Lady Normanton. Hon. Mrs. Carpenter. The Misses Swinburne. Sir W. Richmond. "History of Strong Drink." "Boys Show Intelligence"	55
---	----

CHAPTER VII

An unexpected Windfall. The Crystal Palace. H.R.H. Duchess of Albany. A Mothers' Tea-party. "The Gigelira, the Rajio and the Dulcimer." A "Gramophone" is Heard. The Misses Blois. Mrs. and Miss Savile-Lumley. "Never Absent, Never Late, Never Idle." Eleven Brakes. "Dapple Grey Horses to Denote Happiness." Miss Saumerez and Miss Rodd. Mrs. Hinde's Willing Shoulders. Fifty Years since the Consecration. Servants fill the Galleries. Black Bonnets with Strings. Footmen in Livery. Parishioners invited to Aubrey Road. They inspect the Plans. Lady Frederick Cavendish speaks. The Roundels and Figures. St. Hilda of Whitby. Caedmon the Poet. The Title of Mother. Caedmon's Paraphrases. St. Aidan. St. Francis. The Grey Friars. St. Maurice. The Theban Legion. The Emperor Maximin. Put to the Sword. St. Peter and St. Paul. Abraham	64
--	----

CHAPTER VIII

The Marble is placed on the Pilasters. A Drowning Tragedy. A Church Congress. Dedication, All Saints' Day, 1899. Rev. A. W. Gough, "Vicar Designate of Brompton," Preaches. School Buildings Dangerous. Children go to Brompton. Canon Body's Sermon. "Spiritual Hindrances." Mr. Sanders plays his Violin. The Boer War. A Postponed Wedding. Miss Teedsdale Dies. "A Benefactor to the Poor." Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller. Relief of Mafeking. A New Word in the Dictionary. A Strange Addition to the National Anthem. The Organ wears out. A Story of Sam Wesley. An Enchanted Listener. Forgot to Preach. A New Organ is Ordered. New Prayer Books Given. Queen Victoria's Passing. A Personal Loss. A Touching Story. "Buy a Black Tie." A Solemn Journey Home. Sobbing Women. The Abbey Draped in Purple. A New Era Begins .

71

CHAPTER IX

Many Pleasant Activities. The Bishop of London suggests Laymen for Church Work. Lady Lansdowne opens a Sale. Exeter Hall. New Organ Played. Mr. Sumner's Scheme. "Reverent and Instructive." "Will some day be allowed by All." The Coronation of King Edward. The King's Illness. "L'Homme Propose, Dieu Dispose." All Saints Choir sings at the Coronation Festivities, and other occasions .

78

CHAPTER X

The Decoration Scheme Again. Mr. Sumner's Address. He becomes Despondent. Record Subscriptions. Household Cavalry comes to All Saints. Mr. Stewart appointed Canon of Bristol. "Preponderance of Ladies." St. Christopher. St. George. St. Giles. A Wounded Hind. Abbot of Nîmes. St. Swithin. Origin of Legend. He Originates System of Tithes. St. Catherine. St. Margaret's our Mother Church. The Crusaders bring her Story to England. St. Agnes. St. Anne. Deplorable Restlessness. Mr. Stewart appointed Archdeacon of Bristol . . .

81

CHAPTER XI

PAGE

"Mr. Inge" comes to All Saints. His Honours and Appointments. A Testimonial for Archdeacon Stewart. Addresses, Plate and a Purse. Mr. Inge starts cautiously. He receives Honour at Aberdeen University. Writes on "Power." Two All Saints Nonagenarians Die. Mr. Russell's Beautiful Memorials. Mrs. Huth Jackson's Promise. Dr. Inge recites "Bricks without Straw." Mr. Percy French. Priscilla Countess Annesley. Archdeacon Stewart disappoints his Friends. Dr. and Mrs. Inge leave for America. Alec Couper a Good Secretary to the Cricket Club. A Glance Round. Church Parade. Stanhope Gate. Achilles Statue. People carrying Prayer Books. Lovely Girls and Frocks. Men in London Full Dress, with Button-holes. Ascot Sunday. Queen Alexandra. Scarlet Liveries. High-stepping Bay Horses. Lord de Ros' Stories. A Link with Waterloo. Equerry to the Prince Consort. Prince Friedrich Karl. Liverpool Docks. "Beauty in Distress." The Prince admires Royal Liveries. "Dearest Captain." A Strip of Paper. Prince Consort Slighted. His Fine Nature. "Characteristic of the Man"

87

CHAPTER XII

Mrs. Inge. The Misses Hunt. "A Pleasant Reunion." Dr. Inge's Departure. His Last Sermon as Vicar. "The Clergy Come and Go." "The Church remains." Miss Aldridge's Letter. "Church packed." "Large Collections." "Mr. Stewart no Scholar." "Good at getting Money." Dean Inge "So Learned we couldn't Understand Him." "Shutting People Up." Mr. Peile. His Engagement. Miss Skrine's Death. Buried in her Wedding-dress. The Albert Hall. The Pan-Anglican Congress. Black, White and Yellow. The Lord's Prayer. The Creed, and the Old Hundredth. What Changing Scenes. An Assault at Arms. Alfred Middleton. His Father's Purchase. "The Elijah." "The Messiah." Adelina Patti. Tettrazini and Clara Butt. The First Seven Divisions. The General Strike. Sir Austen Chamberlain. Worn and Anxious. Lady Iveagh Presiding. Two Minutes' Silent Prayer.

A contrast. Boxing Matches. Wild Scenes of Revelry. The Albert Memorial. Watching Night and Day. "Albert 'All"	95
--	----

CHAPTER XIII

Mr. Matthew Dobson dies. Twenty Years a Member of All Saints. Mrs. Hinde's Labours. A Gift from Sir Charles and Lady Ryan. Canon Peile's Departure. All Saints Choir boys. Miss Aldridge's Criticisms. "A Monotonous Voice." "Not Easy to Listen to." King Edward Dies. Coronation of King George. A Dangerous Crowding in St. James's Park. Mr. Addis. Sympathy for Canon Deane. "Must have been a Shock." His Induction. What All Saints Parish Consists of. If all decided to come to Church? The Unknown Warrior. An Immense Appeal. Scene in the House of Commons. An Abbey of Cobwebs. A Red-letter Day	103
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV

Gathering up the Threads. Our Organist's Marriage. Choir Outings. Some Pathetic Stories. A Boy is Killed on the Ice. David Sterritt. "A Cheerful Soul." Home Wounded. "Reported Missing." "A British Soldier, known to God." Boys come Distances to Sing; Apologies. Promises of Amendment. Boyish Pranks and Human Hearts. Mr. Sanders' War Service. The old Organ gives up. A Miserable Groan. Descant Singing. Mr. L. J. Brown. His Invaluable Help. St. Paul's and the Abbey. Mrs. Hinde's Record. Devotion and Unselfishness. An Adventure at Beachy Head. The Llangattock Family. One Dies Flying. Another falls in France. The old Lady left alone, after Lord Llangattock's Death	III
---	-----

CHAPTER XV

The Great War. Lodi the Spy. A Generation Wiped Out. An Air Raid during Matins. Dr. Inge's Sermon. Two at Evensong. A Shell on the Church. Allan Scott Balfour. Viscount Goschen. Armistice Day. Authors remembered. Peace Treaty at Versailles. Victory March through London. One Hundred and Twenty-six V.A.D.s at All Saints. Mrs.	
---	--

Hinde's Presentation. Mrs. George Lockett's Gift. Girl Guides at All Saints. Princess Mary's Wedding. Mr. C. J. Sturdy. Mr. George Macmillan. Lady Emmott and Mrs. Hawkings. Miss Marsham. Mrs. Partington. Mrs. Mashiter. Rev. and Hon. E. V. R. Powys. Sir Robert Balfour. Lord Emmott. Lord Goschen. Gen. Sir H. Lawrence. Mr. Corbet-Milward. Congregations larger. Rents Falling. A Congregational Chapel. Only Small Shop-keepers. The Enabling Bill. First Parochial Council, at 70 Ennismore Gardens. Fifteen Members. Mr. George Macmillan's Paper. Mr. George Lockett Dies. How Armistice Day should be Kept. The Earl of Halsbury. Sir Ernest Pollock. The Alternative Prayer Book. Canon Deane's Objections. Bishop of Norwich's Letter. The Poor of All Saints. "Why so short a Stay," at All Saints? . . .

123

CHAPTER XVI

Once Resident Parishioners. "Robbing Peter to Pay Paul." "Old-fashioned Churchgoers." Chill of Empty Pews. "From Mainstream into Sluggish Backwater." Indiscriminate Charity Deplored. Money a Stewardship. Plausible Beggars. Wembley Exhibition. All Saints Choir Sings there. Thanked by Dr. Nicholson. No Tea, no Sermon. Lord Listowel Dies. His links with the Past. The Crimea. The Alma. Lord and Lady Goschen leave for Madras. The Church House Project. A Site is Available. A Splendid Offer. Mrs. George Lockett's Munificent Gift. A bad thick Fog does not Stop the Choir coming. Mr. George Macmillan's Encouragement. Bath Abbey Tablets. "Bath Waters lay the Dust." Memorials at All Saints . . .

132

CHAPTER XVII

A new Iron Gate. Opening of the Church House. Mr. Stammers Dies. Had succeeded Lord Goschen as Sidesman. The first Jumble Sale. The War Days Recalled. The Coal Commission. An Interesting Pamphlet. Gen. Sir Herbert Lawrence takes part. A Fixed Date for Easter. St. Augustine's Pupil. Church of St. Peter. Keys of Heaven. An Amusing Entry in the Address-book. Jubilate or

Benedictus. Tidying up the Churchyard. The New Heating Apparatus. No Divorced Persons. "Till Death us do part." An Amateur Burglar. Mrs. Marsham Dies. Lord Emmott's Sudden Death. "A City yet to Come"	138
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII

"Not yet, but I hope to do so." Long Services. Mr. Fitzcosta. A former Vestry Meeting. No Ladies Permitted. A Meeting at Worcester Cathedral. Archdeacon's Visitation. His Fee of Eighteen Shillings. Why he wears Gaiters. Lady Desert Dies. "Could Keep a Secret." Where the Diocesan Funds Go. Lessons read Distinctly. Sir Guy Stephenson. Etchings of the Church. New Prayer Book Rejected. Dowager Lady Halsbury Dies. A City Living Offered and Declined. Lady Emmott's Gifts. Comment on Wireless Services. Two Hundred Letters after Canon Deane's Broadcast. More Gifts from Parishioners.. The Vicarage is Tottering. Brigadier-General Stone appointed Sidesman. Death of Sir Henry Procter. Vicarage "Stabilized." Sir Wyndham Murray Dies. His Pathetic Custom. Death of Miss Grimston. A Generous Friend. The U.S.A. Ambassador. Bishop Brent at All Saints. A Correspondent Complains. General Stone's Death. A Busy, Useful Life. "How Short my Passage, so it be Safe"	144
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX

A Book on Knightsbridge. High Praise of Mr. Sumner's Work. Mother-of-pearl Border. The Spirit of Worship at All Saints. Mr. and Mrs. George Macmillan. Their Golden Wedding. His many Interests. Nearing the Close of our Story. Another must Carry On. Canon Deane's Appointment. St. George's, Windsor. Letters Patent. "A Convivial Sound." Friends of St. George. Sir Wyndham Murray's Tablet. Lord and Lady Goschen home. Lord and Lady Jellicoe become Parishioners. Mr. Cruce's War Service. A Grandfather Clock. Mr. Powys Dies. Mr. Machiter's Death. Dr. Relton's Induction. <i>L'Envoi</i>	152
---	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

WEST FRONT—ALL SAINTS, ENNISMORE GARDENS	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
	FACING PAGE	
THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS		32
INTERIOR—ALL SAINTS, ENNISMORE GARDENS		44
CHARLES DICKENS READS THE MS. OF "THE CHIMES"		60
KNIGHTS' BRIDGE AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE		84
OLD BROMPTON CHAPEL—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR		112
CHURCH PROMENADE IN HYDE PARK		128
IN OLD HYDE PARK		140

THE STORY OF ALL SAINTS ENNISMORE GARDENS (KNIGHTSBRIDGE)

CHAPTER I

“Where is Ennismore Gardens?” A Map of 1817. “The Queen’s Palace.” The Shah’s visit to Queen Victoria. “The King’s Private Road.” “Half-Way House.” “Hell Corner.” Brompton Lane. The Penitentiary. A Coach Field. “Neat Houses.”

“**W**HERE is Ennismore Gardens?” was the question asked by a lady some seventy years ago, and her friend replied as follows :

“Down a lane, off the Hounslow Road.”

It is strange for us to-day to read these words, and to examine a map of the district issued some forty years earlier, with its large blank spaces, now, except for the blessed Parks, so completely covered by houses and busy thoroughfares.

In a little history of Knightsbridge supplied a few years ago to their customers by Messrs. Woolland, we glean the following historical facts of great interest.

Where Albert Gate now stands was once the Bridge of Kingsburig, underneath which a stream ran, carrying away surplus water from the Serpentine river.

Since 1361 there has always been a hamlet of Knightsbridge, which lay between the country villages of Chelsey, Kensing Town and Charing.

In 1740, the Bristol Mail was robbed in Knightsbridge, and three men were later executed at the Bridge foot.

In 1799, a party of Light horse nightly patrolled this district, while pedestrians walked together in parties for protection.

In fact the neighbourhood was known to be infested with highwaymen and robbers, themselves in league with the disreputable inn-keepers.

William¹ "Prince of Orange's" assassination was attempted in 1694, in this desirable neighbourhood, but we rejoice to find that the air and water were two redeeming qualities, as they were ever both regarded the purest and best obtainable.

Of these undesirable houses of call, none seems to have been more notorious than that one which rejoiced in the name of "Half-Way House."

It was, as we shall see, situated along the Kensington Road, and the resort of footpads and highway robbers. At length the Government of the day decided to step in and put an end to the scandal, purchasing the site at the high figure of £3,500 in 1846. When the building was finally demolished, a secret staircase, leading from a small room, to the stables was discovered.²

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster had a claim to put in, when the sale took place, and were awarded the tidy figure of £470 15s. 10d., which seems a meticulously accurate calculation of their losses in the matter.

To enable my readers to realize better the position of things in early days of the nineteenth century, I have been carefully studying the old map already mentioned, which was published in the year 1817, two years after Waterloo. The caption on this map runs as follows :

"Entire new plan of the cities of London and Westminster and the Borough of Southwark, the East and West India Docks, Regent's Park, new bridges, with the whole of the new improvements of the present time." Published July 1st, 1817, by Wharton Junr., 58, Holborn Hill.

The first thing to catch my eye in this map is that I find

¹ William III.

² See *The Face of London*.

Buckingham Palace called "The Queen's Palace," and the surrounding gardens "The Queen's Gardens," by which name they are still known.

The old Buckingham House was purchased by George III and presented by him to Queen Charlotte. It was a great brick building with side wings, and in the courtyard was a large fountain complete with a figure of Neptune and Tritons, surrounded by iron railing.

George IV knocked down the old house and rebuilt it with the very ordinary frontage so familiar to the older generation.

It was said that when the Shah of Persia came there to visit Queen Victoria he enquired whether a mistake had not been made, and whether he had not been taken to the back entrance. This Shah's visit created much interest at the time, and many stories were told of his quaint habits and sayings.

A jingle of the day ran thus :

"Have you seen the Shah, boys ?

Have you seen the Shah ?

With five pound notes he lines his coats,

Which is pe-cu-li-ar."

It was said that he was never known to put down an umbrella that had once been in use, but just threw it away, while the same thing happened to tea-cups, no matter how valuable the china might be. He must have been profoundly delighted to find himself the centre of the most beautiful women of the day, each eager to win his admiration, while his shimmering diadem of waving feathers was the cynosure of all eyes.

After the Boer War the entire front of Buckingham Palace was redecorated by King Edward VII to accord with Queen Victoria's Memorial and the extended Mall.

We find St. George's Hospital in the familiar spot, with "Tattersall's Repository" at its back, and just behind it, some small Barracks. To-day, a plot of grass carefully

railed in, lies on the Eastern front of the newer Tattersall's, and it is said that here a large pit was formed, in the year of the Great Plague, into which a vast number of sufferers were flung as they died.

The spot was in those days a very remote one, far removed from any human habitation.

So for three hundred years and more no one has ever ventured to disturb it ; germs are well known to possess a most remarkable vitality, and the old proverb " Let sleeping dogs lie " is undoubtedly a safe one to follow.

In the old map, the " King's private road " runs through Hyde Park, from Hyde Park Corner to some " Liverie Stables " close to Kensington Palace, while " The Public Road " runs parallel to it. " The Ring " is marked close to the Magazine, and just a few houses where Rutland Gate, Ennismore Gardens, and Prince's Gate are seen to-day. A space, and then we come along the " Knightsbridge Road," to the notorious " Half-Way House " ; another gap, and Kensington Gore is reached, with Gore Lane and more houses.

Kensington Workhouse lies on the Gloucester Road.

There is no Exhibition Road. No Queen's Gate.

The " Dun Cow " faces the " Liverie Stables " already mentioned, and a bit further on we find the startling name of " Hell Corner," adjoining Kensington Square. Various footpaths are marked, one running from the " Dun Cow " aforesaid down to " Brompton Lane," below another leading on to Chelsea.

Glancing over the map, one finds items of great interest.

On the river bank near Vauxhall Road, " The Penitentiary," a curious building, shaped like a star-fish, with six points, a dot in the centre of each, and in the middle of all a larger dot. Stairs led up to it from the river. Vauxhall Gardens lay just across the water, while a " Coach Field " was reserved close by for what we should to-day call ■ parking place.

Near to this is a large blank space, marked " Neat

houses," and "Neat house row." The "Willow Walk" was also nigh at hand.

Bayswater we find spelt as two words (Bays Water), and "Westborn Green," not Grove, was off the Harrow Road. Brompton Chapel is marked, and Nursery Gardens of large extent adjoining Hans Place. Another "House of Correction" can be seen to the north, not far from Sadlers Wells, which stood in a large houseless district.

Old people, still alive, speak of having heard of snipe bogs, where Eaton Square and Notting Hill Gate now appear; it is happy to reflect that in Hyde Park birds can still find sanctuary, free from fear and danger of disturbance.

CHAPTER II

Harvey and Nichols. Miller's Eel Pie House. Smith and Babers. "Genteel Neighbourhood." "Morals of Soldiers." Stratheden House. Kingston House. High Walls. Elizabeth Chudleigh. Tried for Bigamy. Eden Lodge. Old Lowther Lodge. Countess of Blessington. Count d'Orsay. Queen Caroline. Her Funeral Cortège. "To the City." No Plate or Description. "Soapy Sam." "Clean Hands." Samuel Whitbread. "The Brompton Boilers." Soyer the Chef. Vauxhall and Cremorne. Brompton Chapel. "Malta and Gibraltar." A Hamlet. "Not a village." Muddy Roads to Campden Hill. "Post Horses Used." Brompton Chapel. Trinity Chapel. The House of Lepers. Rev. William Harness. Reid's Public-house. The Windsor Coach. Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. Mr. Harness decides to Build All Saints. A site in Hyde Park. Lord Listowel sells the Ground. "Kensington Turnpike Road." "Pleasure Gardens." "Intended Church." "Keep up the Shrubby." Trouble over the Site. Mr. John Elger Objects. Party Walls. Roads. Sewage. Arbitration called in. A Decision arrived at. Smoke Nuisance. Mr. Smith's Back Windows. His Housemaid's Opinion. "A Furnace Flue." Mr. Smith's Garden. Access to the Church. Gates and Paths. Strict Rules. Ennismore Place. An Adjacent Meadow. Mr. Bruce-Armstrong. "Over Seventy Years Ago." Enthusiastic Appreciation of Mr. Harness.

WE will begin our perambulations on the borders of our Parish to-day, at the old shop of Messrs. Harvey and Nichols. Seventy years ago this was only a very small, low building, bearing the label, "Commerce House."

What a change the original owners would find, could they now view its palatial premises !

Knightsbridge was then, as we have seen, by no means

an aristocratic neighbourhood ; there were several low-class eating-houses, the chief of which being the noted " Miller's Eel Pie House."

Where the Daimler Garage now stands was Smith and Babers, an oil-cloth factory, which claimed to be the oldest of its kind in London, dating back to 1572. There were also several music halls, one named " The Trevor," and one " The Sun," opposite to those older barracks, which were pulled down, and replaced by what we see to-day.

It would seem that the tradesmen in the vicinity agitated to have the barracks removed altogether, urging that the " neighbourhood was too genteel to be contaminated by soldiers "; however, the residents in Rutland Gate took a different stand, and insisted that the vaunted " gentility of the place " should have the effect of raising the morals of the Soldiery ; the latter view apparently prevailing, as they were rebuilt.

Where Rutland Court and Kent House stand to-day, were the two great mansions of Stratheden House, and the older Kent House, which was the residence of the Parker family,¹ three " sets " of whom, we are told, during the London season, would occupy it in turn.

Stratheden House stood in its own grounds, surrounded by a high wall, immediately to the east of the Gate.

There lived the learned Judge Stratheden Campbell, Lord Chancellor of England, who hailed from Cupar, Fifeshire, where his father was a minister. He joined Lincoln's Inn in 1800, and read in the Chambers of the famous Mr. Tidd, meanwhile acting as reporter, and dramatic critic to *The Morning Chronicle*. He was called to the Bar in 1806. At the end of 1824, he became leader of the Oxford Circuit, having previously married in 1821 the eldest daughter of Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, which lady was created, in her own right, Baroness Stratheden in 1836. His promotion was rapid,

¹ Formerly also of the Duke of Kent.

and in 1841 he became Lord Campbell of Stratheden, and was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, which post he resigned on the defeat of the Melbourne Ministry, honourably declining the large pension to which he was legally entitled.

He lived to enjoy many other honours, finally, as already said, the Lord Chancellorship of England, in 1859.

One of his greatest judgments as Lord Chancellor was given in the *cause célèbre* of the Emperor of Austria, versus Kossuth.

Among laws which came into being through his influence were (a), limiting liability in actions for defamation of character; (b) enabling representatives of persons killed by accident, to recover compensation in certain cases; and lastly, (c) against obscene publications. It was a misfortune that he took to writing biographies, as his *Lives of Chief Justices and Lord Chancellors* (which, it must be allowed, are both readable and amusing), are disfigured by the constant obtrusion of himself, and his own achievements. Indeed Sir Charles Wetherall, borrowing Arbuthnot's witty saying on Curll's biographies, remarked that "his biographical friend had added a new horror to death."¹

Kingston House, which still stands in its rather gloomy surroundings, was then, as now, the property of Lord Listowel.

Formerly the grounds were very extensive, occupying the sites where Alford, Bolney and Moncorvo, stand to-day, besides a goodly portion of the present Ennismore Gardens.

It was in 1842, that in those Gardens, the houses Nos. 62, 63, 64 and 65 were built, and in the earliest deed of 63, a stone wall, standing opposite, is mentioned, also the road which was to be the charge of the Lessee to keep in proper order.

Parts of Princes Gate were there in the earlier days,

¹ *Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

but the American Embassy, the Turkish and Afghan Legations and others which grace that district to-day, were, of course, not in existence.

It is said that the high walls which surrounded these earlier mansions, were there to give protection from the gentleman of the road. The Bristol Mail had been robbed, as we have seen, in the year 1740 ; and with confederates at the various inns, it must have been a difficult matter to obtain convictions.

The famous Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, once lived at Kingston House. She was mistress to Sir Robert Walpole, and is described by Leigh Hunt, as "not over clothed." She had a varied career, as she was married at midnight, in Lainston Church, near Winchester, in the year 1745, to Augustus Hervey, Earl of Bristol, but left him to marry the Duke of Kingston. She was tried for bigamy in Westminster Hall, but, pleading her high rank, obtained her discharge.

Where the Exhibition Road joins the Kensington Road, stood Eden Lodge, and there old Lord Auckland kept house with his two sisters.

Old Lowther Lodge, later replaced by a new house, which was built by Lady Wensleydale for her daughter (Mrs. Lowther), now has in turn given up its site to the premises of the Royal Geographical Society, with its fine lecture-rooms, and the striking statue of that great Antarctic Explorer, Shackleton, enshrined in its niche. Mercer Lodge was further on, and after one or two lesser houses, came Gore House, where the gorgeous Lady Blessington lived with Count d'Orsay, and where Louis Napoleon was frequently entertained by them, before he became the Prince President of France.

This well-known Lady Blessington was born in 1789, and, at the age of fourteen, forced into a marriage with a worthless Army captain of the name of Farmer. She only remained with him for three months, and after his death in 1818, married the Earl of Blessington. When on the

grand tour of Europe, in 1822, at Valence on the Rhône, she made the acquaintance of Count d'Orsay, a lieutenant in the Garde du Corps of Louis XVIII. He was said to be the handsomest man of his day, well bred, well dressed, ■ painter and a sculptor, an author of repute, an excellent talker, and a genial companion. It was small wonder that the lady became attracted, and at first her husband and D'Orsay were on most friendly terms, as he became their travelling companion in Italy and elsewhere.

Lord Blessington died in Paris in 1829, but in 1827, to regularize the great intimacy, a disgraceful marriage was arranged between the Count and Lady Harriet Gardener, the fifteen-year-old daughter, by a former marriage, of Lord Blessington. This, needless to say, turned out a miserable failure. On Lord Blessington's death, the Count separated formally from his legal wife, and, first in Mayfair, and then at Gore House, for twenty years the pair defied convention, in the midst of a society of authors, artists and men of fashion.

Lady Blessington was the author of many trashy novels, but her extravagance and his debts at length forced them to flee to Paris in order to escape their creditors, where she died miserably in a fit of apoplexy.

The name Kensington Gore calls to mind that sad day which saw the funeral of unhappy, uncrowned Queen Caroline (wife, but never Consort, of King George IV), pass through on its way to Harwich. We read that an immense crowd had congregated about Hammersmith, though the rain was falling in torrents. On reaching the gravel pits at Kensington, the route was found to be so blocked with carts and waggons, that an hour and a half was spent in clearing away these obstructions.

Arriving at Kensington Gore, a detachment of the Life Guards, under Sir R. Baker, who was head of the large contingent of police, attempted to force open the Park gates, but all in vain, the crowd vociferating: "To the

City, to the City." Turned at every corner, the mob finally obliged the procession to make its way via the City, *en route* for Harwich, passing through Chelmsford and Colchester. The Queen's directions were that a plate, bearing the words : " Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England," should be placed on her coffin, but this was forbidden by the British authorities, so the remains were returned to Brunswick for interment, without either description or any mark of respect ; thus ending a sad and sordid story.

It may be of interest to record that my grandfather, the late Sir James Stronge, in his capacity as Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, was present in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of George IV, and he used to tell his sons of the sensation caused there when the Queen's party was heard battering on the fast-locked door, in a vain effort to effect an entrance for Caroline of Brunswick to her husband's crowning.

Gore House was also the residence of the Great Bishop Wilberforce, irreverently known as " Soapy Sam," of whom the story goes that when told of this nickname, he laughingly replied : " Yes, I know I am constantly in hot water, but I always come out of it with clean hands." At Grove House lived Wilkes the Agitator, and later the famous brewer, Samuel Whitbread, with his wife, the Lady Elizabeth.

This brings us along the Kensington Road, to where the Albert Hall is now seen. This site, seventy years ago, was occupied by large horticultural gardens, and a friend tells me she well remembers, as a small child, running with her balloons along the many walks there, edged with gay borders of flowers, which stretched right down to Brompton, and commanded a glorious and distant view. As we shall have a good deal more to say about the Albert Hall in a later chapter, for the present we will continue our ramble in the direction of Brompton.

Where the Oratory now stands, was once the site of Lord Ingestre's house, and not far away stood "The Brompton Boilers," the name popularly given to a huge erection of corrugated iron, which was the forerunner of our splendid South Kensington Museum.

When the first great Exhibition took place in Hyde Park, in the year 1851, the enormous glass buildings, which we now know as the Crystal Palace, were erected there for this purpose. At this time Gore House was let to the famous French chef, Soyer by name, who renamed the house, "The Symposium," and he there catered for the immense crowds which flocked to London in order to attend the Exhibition.

This was held just east of the spot now occupied by the Albert Memorial, the glass buildings were taken down and re-erected two years later in their present position at Sydenham.

From the backs of the houses along the Knightsbridge Road, it was possible to enjoy the firework displays, which took place in Cremorne and Vauxhall Gardens, and later on at Sydenham.

At the top of the present Gloucester Road, stood the turnpike, and nearby we may still read on the milestone the fact that we have yet, before reaching London, one mile to travel.

Noel House stood near this, where haymaking during the summer took place not so very long ago.

The Parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, was of enormous extent in the early days of the nineteenth century; small chapels being dotted about in various places, for the accommodation of neighbourhoods far removed from their parent Church.

There was one at Brompton, occupying the site of the present schools, and another to the east of where the French Embassy may now be seen at Albert Gate.

When the two large houses which flank Albert Gate were built, more room being required on the eastern side

for the French Embassy, the Chapel of Holy Trinity, about which we shall have more to say presently, was then demolished. A wit remarked on seeing the huge proportions of these houses, that they should be called Malta and Gibraltar, for it was certain that they never would be taken.

It is curious to find Knightsbridge still spoken of as a hamlet; this, in former days, was the term given to a collection of houses without a church, and therefore less important than a village, which was supposed to possess one. A friend tells me that her mother used to correct her in Wiltshire, should she remark: "I am going to the village." "It is not a village, only a hamlet," she would insist.

Of the road which led through Hyde Park to Campden Hill and such districts, Major Edward Jervis used to say that his father never used his own horses when visiting Judge Phillimore, on account of the awful state of mud in which it was kept, so he engaged instead post-horses, with which to draw his carriage.

In order to help my readers better to grasp the vast changes which have taken place in London during the past century, let us carefully examine an old print of Holy Trinity Chapel, both inside and out, which I have had the good fortune to obtain as an illustration.

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The Rev. William Harness, the builder, and for twenty years the Vicar of All Saints, was incumbent of Holy Trinity Chapel, and one day in conversation with the Dean of St. Pauls, the latter, Dr. Milman, made the suggestion to him that he should raise funds wherewith to build a large church in Knightsbridge.

The Chapel of Holy Trinity represents in the print the more modern building as it stood in 1819, but an inscription below tells us that it was "Rebuite by Nicho Birkhead Anno Dom 1699," and formerly belonged to "The

House of Lepers." The print is dated January 1st, 1819; it is called "The Knightsbridge Chapel." Schnebedie the delineator, and Howlett the Sculptor.

It was published by Robert Wilkinson of No. 125 Fenchurch Street, and the following appears below :

" Capella Sanctæet Indiuidux Trinitatis."

Seen from the interior, there are two large windows to the south, and an East window, with three Cherubs' heads and wings above it. No windows to the north, but a door leading into a gallery; there is another gallery on the south side. A two-decker pulpit, with a large staircase, carpeted, stands on the right in front; but apparently there is no Altar whatever. Large box-seats fill the galleries and floor of the chapel, with books set out for use, while a woman and man, the former in a poke bonnet and white berth, are seen walking down the north side aisle.

There is no musical instrument, and only two small wall lamps as lighting.

Outside we find five windows, in what would be the west end, and also a small skylight above.

Adjoining the Chapel on the right is Reid's public-house, and the information is given in large letters that he is a " Dealer in foreign wines, spirits, and rich compounds "; it is said the Chapel was flanked on the left by another public-house, but in the picture this does not appear.

We read that these taverns, with the Chapel between, received the nickname of " Heaven between two Hells "; anyhow they all three disappeared in the year 1902; the Ecclesiastical Commissioners having, strange to relate, an interest involved, for which compensation was duly paid to them.

In the print the Windsor coach is just driving up, loaded with passengers and luggage, both inside and out, with four weary-looking horses drawing it.

Two soldiers are seen staggering out from Reid's House, while most of the windows are occupied by



Prof. F. P. Barlow.
with my kindest regards.
April 28. 1858. W. Hays.

women, in one of which two of them are having a heated altercation, and apparently gesticulating violently.

There is also a notice outside the shop, announcing the fact that, "Coding's genuine Sannon Ale" can be procured within.

It is interesting to note that when Trinity Chapel and its neighbouring houses were finally demolished, the site, which of course was of great value, was sold, it is said, for £70,000, and the money thus obtained went to purchase the ground in Prince Consort Road, and later to build there the beautiful Church of the Holy Trinity, which we see to-day.

As we have already said, Mr. Harness officiated at Trinity Chapel, having previously, in the early 'forties, spent three years at Brompton Chapel.¹

Seeing the need of a really large building to accommodate a neighbourhood in which great houses were rapidly springing up, Mr. Harness made up his mind to lose no time in adopting Dean Milman's suggestion, and endeavouring to collect the necessary funds. We read that a site for All Saints had been offered to him in Hyde Park on which to build, but later, for some reason, this offer was withdrawn.

The Kensington Road in the 'forties was known as "The Kensington Turnpike Road," and the road leading from Prince of Wales's Gate to Ennismore Gardens, as "Ennismore Terrace," the four houses next the church being 1, 2, 3, 4, Ennismore Place. There was a "shrubbery walk" where Moncarvo, Bolney and Alford Houses now stand, leading down to the foot of the hill bordering the pleasure grounds and gardens of Lord Listowel's house, which were very extensive. There was a "pleasure garden" facing Ennismore Place, happily still in existence, but no Princes Gate houses obscured the view of Hyde Park, only a "Plantation" bordered the Turnpike Road.

¹ 1844-1847.

In the lease of our own house, 63 Ennismore Gardens (then 2 Ennismore Place), the "intended Church" is marked on a small coloured plan, and the portion now occupied by 8 Rutland Gate to Baron D'Erlanger's house as "ground belonging to the Manners Estate."

On east and west of Ennismore Gardens, "land demised to George William Mayhew," with injunctions to "keep up the shrubbery on the West Side."

The Parish was then described as belonging to St. Margaret's, Westminster.

As everyone knows who has ever attempted to carry through a really important scheme, difficulties are certain to crop up, however carefully considered beforehand. It would seem that the piece of land upon which our church is built, was sold by Lord Listowel for the sum of £1,250, to the Committee in charge of the building operations.

Now Mr. John Elger was at the time conducting a large amount of development in house property, so consequently was watching this matter with keen interest. He had subscribed generously to the funds, as had many of his tenants, but as he had already made considerable outlay in the way of party walls, roads and sewage, he raised objections to the action of the Building Committee, in not sufficiently considering his interests and those of his tenants.

There was a good deal of rather high tension between the parties, ending in arbitration, Messrs. Cubitt being called upon for a settlement of the dispute. This had begun in September, 1847, and was not awarded until September 13th, 1849.

The decision which was then given was that All Saints Committee should pay the sum of £195 to Mr. John Elger, as a final settlement of his claim to compensation.

Next, trouble arose, some years later, about the smoke from the church heating apparatus, between Mr. Eric Smith, who lived in 24 Rutland Gate (now occupied by

the Baron D'Erlanger), and Mr. John Aldridge, Church Warden, of 20 Princes Gate.

It appears that Mr. Smith had just had his house repapered and painted, when the smoke nuisance began, and he feared that it would all be completely spoilt if action were not taken. He wrote of being unable to open any of his back windows, and remarked that his neighbours were also affected by the smoke, though not in so acute a degree as himself. This letter was written in January, 1865, and he goes on to observe that "his housemaid had informed him that the chimney was so foul, that it had been on fire one Saturday some weeks before, and the only solution would be to make it consume its own smoke." Indeed, he continues his letter by saying: "It's not a chimney, but a furnace flue, and I am told a ton and a half of coal is burnt every week."

Then there was the question as to Rutland Gate parishioners obtaining access to their new church, through Mr. Smith's garden.

He wrote making the offer of placing two gates, and forming a gravel path for their convenience, for which gates and path the Committee offered to pay, but Mr. Smith declined, saying he must keep his rights strictly within his own hands, would himself provide the gates, make the path, and also form any steps which might be necessary, entirely at his own expense.

So Mr. Aldridge writes acknowledging his kindness and consideration, on January 17th, 1865, noting that Mr. Smith will supply the large iron gate at the south-east end of his garden at 24 Rutland Gate, make the gravel path, also give the smaller gate nearest the church. These gates, Mr. Aldridge continued, would only be opened as the church bell began to ring, and be locked up as soon as the congregation was seated, only to be opened later, when the service was concluded, and re-locked when all had left.

Mr. Smith, therefore, purchased the two gates, and

sent them to Mr. Harness on Sunday morning, March 19th, 1865.

Mr. Aldridge writes two days later to Mr. Smith, acknowledging receipt of the keys, and saying he has placed them in the care of the Sexton.

He adds the polite hope that, should any trouble arise, Mr. Smith will lose no time in acquainting him.

In the following July, a key of the church gate was sent to Mr. Smith, who wrote acknowledging its receipt, and observing that he retains it at the pleasure of the Church Wardens, and will give it up at any time if required.

In my search for information of the early years of our church, I wrote to my cousin, Mr. Henry Bruce Armstrong, His Majesty's Lieutenant for the County Armagh, a Privy Councillor and Member of the Northern Ireland Senate, and formerly Member of Parliament at Westminster. Though ninety years of age, he retains every faculty, attends all important meetings in Ulster, and takes on the duties of Governor, during temporary absences of the Duke of Abercorn.

I asked him for any reminiscences of this district in his younger days, and was surprised and pleased to find that he had heard of Mr. Harness from mutual friends: he writes:

“Over seventy years ago I knew some people who attended All Saints Church, though not living in the Parish, and I remember even now their enthusiastic appreciation of Harness as their Rector.”

CHAPTER III

Mr. Harness Edits the Works of Shakespeare. A Friend of Dickens. One of the "Inner Circle." The Chosen "Nine." Reading of *The Chimes*. Maclise's Picture. Toby Veck. Meg. A Dinner of Tripe. Mr. Harness weeping. Dean Milman. Lord Byron's Offer to Mr. Harness. Harriet Martineau. The Old Kent House. Dedication of All Saints. Cardinal Manning Preaches. Vulliamy the Architect. San Zeno di Maggiore. An Anxious Prospect. A Memorial at All Saints. The Harness Prize Essay. £500 Collected. Cambridge Accepts on Certain Conditions. First Essay, 1873. The Harness Family Pleased. "A benefit to the University." A Brother of Martin Tupper Paints Sky, Stars, and Red Pillars in All Saints. A Mixed Choir. Tate and Brady's Psalms. Mr. Harness meets with an Accident. Dies at Battle Abbey. Rev. Huntley Greene. Rev. John Blomefield introduces Hymns. The Tower is Built. A Four-faced Clock. Grateful Neighbours.

THAT Mr. William Harness was a man of no small literary attainment is proved by the fact that he actually edited an entirely new edition of the works of Shakespeare. Among his closest friends he counted Charles Dickens, being indeed one of the latter's "Inner Circle."

One is thrilled to read the story of a night when "the Nine" were gathered together at John Forster's house, 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields, in order to hear Dickens read aloud, before publication, his Hobgoblin Christmas story, *The Chimes*, in 1844. (The character of "Mr. Tulkingham and the dwelling, "Bleak House," were located here by Dickens.)

A year later, Maclise, with his accustomed skill, made

a drawing of the scene, and it is our good fortune to have obtained permission from the Victoria and Albert Museum authorities, to reproduce the sketch as our Frontispiece in this volume.

It is interesting to examine this drawing, and recall the surroundings. Here were gathered Thomas Carlyle, Blanfeard, Jerrold, and the host, John Forster, on the left side of the room ; Forster's face expressing righteous indignation, T. Dickens is also seated on the left, while in the centre, with backs turned, are Maclise and Stanfield. On the right is Fox, and behind him, in such deep distress that their hands conceal their faces, stand Dyce and William Harness.

Charles Dickens himself is seated in the foreground, his face a study of sympathetic indignation as he reads.

Perhaps few to-day have read *The Chimes*, and many have never heard its name. It is a pathetic little tale, admirably told, of an old man called Toby, who loved the church's bells, and his little daughter Meg.

The story opens with the suggestion that no one would like to sleep in a church, though possibly once or twice on a hot summer Sunday morning, during the sermon, such a thing may have been known to happen.

One can picture a glance from Dickens at his parson friend as he reads these words. But he explains that it is at night, and not on a Sunday morning, to which he refers : " Who will meet me in the Churchyard and be locked in ? " and goes on, " Ugh, Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire," then he pictures a wild stormy night when the wind has an awful voice at midnight in a church, and talks of its howling round the steeple, where live " the speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security." Next he speaks of " Bells baptized by Bishops " centuries before, so long ago that even their names have been forgotten. We are then introduced to Toby Veck, nicknamed " Trotty," because of his peculiar walk, how he loved the bells, and would stand gazing up open-

mouthed, wrapt in delight, until his old neck cricked with indignation at so unusual a position.

Hungry he was too, when a whiff of delicious cooking comes to his nostrils from the baker's shop close by, and he reflects sadly how punctually dinner *time* comes round, and how much less regularly *dinner* ! However, the unexpected happens, and Meg arrives with a pot of tripe and a hot potato, spreading a handkerchief before him for his meal !

He longs for a job and a certainty of food, but never loses heart, reading the message of the bells as "Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart ; jobs comin' on" ; and things do happen, better even than he dreamed of, so at last the pretty story ends on a happier note.

The building of our church was indeed the life work of Mr. Harness ; for he himself presented the large sum of £1,000 towards its erection, and also collected amongst his numerous friends the splendid amount of £9,000 more for the same purpose.

Not only was Charles Dickens Mr. Harness' intimate friend, but such men as the Lord Clarendon of the day, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and last, but by no means least in importance, Lord Byron. Indeed, the story goes that the latter even suggested dedicating his poem "Don Juan" to Mr. Harness, who was prudent enough to decline so questionable an honour.

At last, in 1849, All Saints was ready for its Dedication, but its appearance then must have been singularly unfinished, as only a temporary western front was there ; no Campanile, and the interior left entirely devoid of decoration.

What a beautiful title is "All Saints" for a church to possess ! It does not mean merely St. Peter, St. John, St. Paul and St. Mary, but all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, who, after having endeavoured to serve God in this short stage of their existence, have

passed on to that blessed Land, where there is neither sorrow nor sighing, and where all tears for them are wiped away.

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Mr. Harness numbered amongst his acquaintances many clever women, such as Catherine Fanshawe and Harriet Martineau, while other gifted ladies came to All Saints, listening to his sermons attentively, as arrayed in his black robe he delivered them from the two-decker pulpit of former days.

Such were Lady Morley, Lady Theresa Lewis, besides the Villiers family, and the Parkers, who, as already mentioned, took up their residence by turns at the Old Kent House.

Mr. Harness had chosen Vulliamy as his architect.

He was already well known as designer of that once familiar building, Dorchester House, in Park Lane, recently demolished.

The church which Vulliamy took for his model, when designing All Saints, was the magnificent Basilica of San Zenone, or San Zeno di Maggiore, at Verona, Northern Italy.

The first church on this site was built in the ninth century by Bishop Rotaldus.

A Basilica was originally used as a business or trading house, where the abbots and monks kept watch over the dealings of their flock. A similar idea was the yew tree in our English churchyards, under which, in the odour of sanctity, parishioners were wont to dispose of their crops.

San Zeno, the Patron, was of African birth, and Bishop of Verona in the fourth century. He is said to have suffered martyrdom under Julian the Apostate on April 12th, 380. In the church at Verona there is a curious statue of him, seated in his episcopal chair.

It is formed of wood, and his face is painted black to denote his African origin, while in his hand is a fishing-rod, from which hangs a fish. Legend ascribes this to his

passion for fishing in the river Adige, which flows near, but Christian tradition ascribes it to his untiring zeal in fishing for the souls of men.

When Napoleon I was busy collecting treasures for France, he visited Verona, and many pictures were carried off by him from San Zenone which have never been returned to Italy.

The beautiful Campanile stands quite detached from the main building of the church. It is built of alternate courses of brick and marble, and was begun by the Abbot Alberic in 1145, and finished in 1178.

This Basilica of San Zeno is said to be the finest example of the Romanesque style in Northern Italy. We know the intense admiration for the works of Shakespeare which was entertained by our first vicar, Mr. Harness, so can well understand his special interest in Verona, where lived the families of Montagu and Capulet, whose enmity, as a family, is an historical fact.

Shakespeare found his "Romeo and Juliet" in a tale by Luigi de Porto, a novelist of the sixteenth century, but as Dante in his *Purg* XI 107, speaks of the feud, and makes no mention of the lovers, we must I fear abandon the hope that so charming a reconciliation ever really took place, as Shakespeare pictures in his play.

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This great Basilica blends in a wonderful manner pagan antiquity with Christian feeling. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Pepin, the son of the great Charlemagne, about the year A.D. 900.

Through the centuries which followed, the building went on, ever growing more perfect with its great ideal in view.

The Emperor Otha I of Germany, on his journey to Rome, halted there to leave a large sum of money with Bishop Rotaldus towards its completion.

The walls are covered with pictorial legends, one being

that of King Theodoric in pursuit of a stag, which could never be caught, but led its wild pursuer to the gates of hell.

As in All Saints we find, over the west portal, a round window, which represents "The Wheel of Fortune," with figures in different attitudes all round, expressing the different moods of the fickle goddess.

Two couplets are engraved, one on the inner, and one on the outer circle of the window, which may be rendered thus : On the outer—

"Behold I fortune, I alone bestow on mortals,
I raise, depose,"

while on the inner is written :

"I clothe the naked, despoil from those in garments clad,

If anyone in me confides, derided will he go from hence."

On the Portal also are scenes taken both from the Bible, and from the life of San Zeno, while on the bronze reliefs, which decorate the doors, are pictures of no less than forty-eight events, related in the Old and New Testaments. Amongst others may be found Salome, dancing before King Herod, the craftsman displaying in his work both skill and humour.

The Font stands on the right of the Entrance as in All Saints, and is formed like ours, from a single piece of marble, the design of Brioretto, who was also the author of "The Wheel of Fortune" window already mentioned.

The archways leading to the Crypt are formed of perfect semicircles, which we find represented on our western front, also the columns, which support the roof of our Portal, rise lightly from the blocks of stone on which they rest, as they do at San Zeno.

They also have a representation of St. George, showing his spear piercing through the dragon's head, his horse meanwhile standing quietly by, apparently quite uncon-

cerned by the fact that its hind legs are encircled by coils of the monster's body.

To conclude these notes in connection with our church's model, three curious sayings inscribed upon the tombs there may be read, in relation to members of three famous Veronese families, whose mortal remains lie beneath.

They were, "The Bevilacqua or Drinkwater" (who never drank it).

Next, "The Counts Verita—or Truth" (who never spoke it).

And lastly, "The Counts Giusti—or Just" (who never were it).

It would seem that these comments say more for the wit of the Veronese (who are said to be notorious for pithy and cutting remarks) than for the honour of the nobility, whose names they sought to perpetuate in the annals of their city.¹

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The future of All Saints as far as endowment went was indeed an anxious one, and must have been a matter of much thought and concern to our first vicar.

The Parish of "All Saints, Ennismore Gardens," is still officially known as "of Knightsbridge."

It was carved out of the huge parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, in whose rector's gift the living still remains to this day.

Mr. Harness, having been born in 1790, must have been fifty-nine years old when his induction took place, on July 27th, 1849.

The ceremony was performed by Bishop Blomfield (the then Bishop of London), the sermon being preached, strange to record, by no less a person than Cardinal Manning. At this time the celebrated Cardinal was forty-one years of age, having married fifteen years earlier

¹ Taken from *The Story of Verona*, by Alethea Wiel.

a sister of the wives of Samuel and Henry Wilberforce, when he was appointed to a country living in Sussex, Mrs. Manning dying only a few months after their marriage.

In 1840, the Cardinal still belonged to the Church of England, and was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester, and it was not till the year 1851 that he joined the Church of Rome. Much respected by all for his holy life and sincere concern for the social welfare of the people, specially including that of temperance, he was made a member of the Royal Commission for the Housing of the Poor, in 1885, and on Education in 1886. He was acknowledged by all to be an accomplished man of the world, in addition to being a devout prelate and a churchly statesman.

To return to the early days of "All Saints," we read that one of Mr. Harness' curates, Mr. Tupper by name, and a brother of Martin Tupper,¹ occupied his spare time by, firstly, painting the roof of the Apse a sky blue colour, picked out with silver stars, and then turning his attention to the pillars, decorating them with red paint.

The three windows which fill the east end of the Sanctuary were a gift from Mr. Harness, in memory of his parents, his brother, and two of his church wardens. They represent in style the rather unfortunate taste of their own day.

Mr. Harness had a mixed unsurpliced choir, which was seated in the west gallery, in front of the organ.

There were no hymns used, Tate and Brady's version

¹ Martin Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S., was a poet and inventor. He was of German extraction, and his father, an eminent London surgeon, twice refused a Baronetcy.

He was elected to the Royal Society in 1845, but his chief success as an author was *Proverbial Philosophy*, which brought to his publisher and himself £10,000 apiece. He invented safety horseshoes, glass screw-tops to bottles; steam vessels with paddles inside, and such-like useful things. He died in 1889 at Albury, his Surrey home.



INTERIOR—ALL SAINTS, ENNISMORE GARDENS

of the Psalms being sung instead, and he always limited his own sermons to three-quarters of an hour in length.

Mr. Harness was Vicar of All Saints for twenty years, when, owing to an accident which he met with at Battle Abbey, he died at the ripe age of seventy-nine years.

It is interesting to find Mr. Vulliamy's receipt for his design of the church, which was paid in two instalments, the first £350, on November 2nd, 1849, and the second, a week later, of £23.

After Mr. Harness' death, his admiring parishioners naturally desired to perpetuate his memory by some suitable monument. So the order was given for a brass memorial to be placed on the floor of the Sanctuary, inclosed in a frame of Portland stone, the former being supplied by Messrs. Hart, and the latter by the granite works of Messrs. Macdonald at Aberdeen.

Then a further suggestion was put forward of instituting a Harness Prize at Christ's College, Cambridge, of which he had been a member.

A sum of £500 was collected for this purpose, and the authorities at Cambridge were approached.

The original idea was that an essay on the works of Shakespeare should be written annually, and the Harness Prize awarded to that which was adjudged the best.

However, Cambridge, while accepting the suggestion of a Harness Prize Essay, ruled out the subject of Shakespeare, preferring that the choice be left to the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Christ's College, "and two other persons appointed by grace of the Senate, in Lent term every three years," also the award to be made every three years only instead of annually. The subject to be announced before the division of the Easter term, and sent in to the Vice-Chancellor, on or before January 31st next following.

The money to be invested in the names of the Chancellor Master and Scholars of Cambridge University.

The Essay to be printed at the expense of the successful competitor.

Copies sent to the Vice-Chancellor and other adjudicators, including one for the Library at Christ's College.

Should no Essay worthy of the Memorial be sent in, the money thus saved to be added to the Fund.

The first competition was held in the year 1873, and a letter of thanks was received from Pembroke College, signed by J. Power, Vice-Chancellor.

Naturally, the family of the deceased Vicar was much gratified by so unique a Memorial, and his sister writes to the Curate in Charge, the Rev. W. Covington, as follows :

March 2nd, 1871.

"The Memorial has given satisfaction to all nearly related to him, feeling how truly he was known and appreciated and loved by those among whom he lived."

While the Vice-Chancellor wrote from Cambridge :

"I hope and believe that the Committee has secured a worthy memorial of Mr. Harness, and also conferred a benefit on the University."

The following is the inscription which may be read on the Brass Memorial to Mr. Harness, which lies on the floor of the Sanctuary :

" D. O. M.

To the memory of William Harness, Clerk, M.A.,
Prebendary of St. Paul's and first Vicar of All Saints,
who officiated on this spot for twenty-two years, with
piety, with charity, with eloquence.

This tablet is dedicated as a record of his faithful
ministry, and generous actions by his friends, and
grateful parishioners.

In remembrance of his literary taste a prize, bearing

his name, has also been founded in the University of Cambridge to promote the study of the poet he loved.

Born at Wickham, Hants, March 14th, 1790. Died at Battle, Sussex, November 11th, 1869."

It would appear that Mr. Harness' time at Holy Trinity Chapel was included in these dates, as we know that All Saints was only consecrated in the year 1849.

Among the papers in the vestry safe, is a bill from Messrs. Smith¹ and Baber, for supplying a piece of oil-cloth to surround Mr. Harness' memorial slab.

Mr. Harness was followed by the Rev. Huntley Greene, whose tenure was a short one of only four years.

He is remembered as a man of simple piety, and was much beloved by all who knew him.

Next came the Rev. John Blomefield, who, though of similar name, was no relation to the Bishop. He remained in charge until 1884. The most notable fact of his time was the building of the Tower or Campanile, and the changing of Tate and Brady's psalms for hymns in the services. Note the fact that the clock in the tower has four faces, though one of these, looking north, can only be of use to the sparrows and pigeons. This, however, shows a conscientious spirit of thoroughness, which is to be applauded, also it is of importance to observe that, though a striking system is arranged for, this has never been put into practice, for which boon the near neighbours of the sacred building should never cease to be thankful.

¹ See Chapter II.

CHAPTER IV

The Duties of Parishioners. No Endowment for All Saints. Duchess of Argyll. Queen Victoria pays a visit. Yellow Coach of the Duchess. Hammer Cloth. Powdered Flunkeys. Immense Dinners. Long Menus. Sufferings of Horses. Linkmen. Captain Robb, R.N. Takes a Lease in Rutland Gate His Widow advised to leave "The Wilds." A Toilet Set for Napoleon I. Laurel Wreaths. Lord Bathurst Objects. Building of Rutland Gate. Mr. John Elger. The Beating of the Bounds. Some Horseplay. Stones and Potatoes Thrown. Glass Broken Annually. Is the Guy Vanishing? No Right of Way to Brompton. A Long Way Round. Old Gates Abolished. Rutland Gates's Oldest Houses.

HAVING safely planted the church in its surrounding garden, let us now turn our attention to the many interesting and important parishioners, who, as time passed, have either worshipped within its sacred walls or else perhaps neglected to do so.

There is a decided tendency in London parishes, to choose one's church according to one's taste, taking no account of the fact that churches, like other places, require money to keep them going, and also that vicars, like the rest of us, cannot subsist entirely upon air, though that is in itself so necessary a part of our bodily equipment. It would seem, therefore, that as a duty to one's own parish, pews should be rented, even if in the judgment of the seat-holders, they remain undesired and unoccupied. In All Saints, this is more especially the case, for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' endowment of £120, embellished as it is by an expensive house in Rutland Gate, is of course totally inadequate; indeed it is actually exceeded by the figure claimed by the Government in rates and taxes. Besides all this, we must consider the eternal

builders' and plumbers' bills so familiar to the London householder, which never fail to mature.

When the church was built, it was thought that the pew rents would provide a suitable stipend, but that to-day is far from being the case.

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In Queen Victoria's reign, the Duchess of Argyll was living in 38 Rutland Gate, and Her Majesty once honoured the district by paying her a visit, a great event in those days, when Queens and Kings kept themselves so very strictly aloof from their subjects.

The Duchess used to drive out in great state, in her yellow coach ; with hammer-cloth, panels and powdered flunkeys all complete ; those were great days in Rutland Gate. Every night, all through the Season, dinner-parties of immense length were given, ten courses being quite a usual menu, while magnificent carriages with horses, strapped up with cruel bearing reins, champed their bits, and stamped their impatient hoofs in the street, awaiting their owner's further orders.

There were link-men who used to run along after cabs and hansoms, eager to open or shut a door, or help to unload the vast amount of luggage which people considered necessary in those days. I can well remember how a man would begin to run in pursuit long before one had reached one's destination.

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Over seventy years ago, Captain R. Robb, of the Royal Navy, signed the lease of 46 Rutland Gate. Going to sea shortly afterwards, he died, leaving his young widow with two small sons to mourn his loss. Her relations objected to her remaining "out in the Wilds," as they termed Rutland Gate, but in spite of their advice, she continued to make it her home ; the freehold was purchased, and it is now the residence of her son, Major-General Sir Frederick Robb.

Among his treasures is a toilet set, which has a unique history. It seemed that when Napoleon the Great was finally defeated by the Allies, and sentenced to life-detention in St. Helena, it became necessary for the British Government to supply the furnishings for his house at Longwood. With other goods, toilet-services were accordingly ordered, it is thought from Wedgwood's factory, which were made and duly delivered. The Minister for the Colonies at that date, was Lord Bathurst, and to his annoyance, he discovered that entirely on their own initiative, the manufacturers had painted a wreath of laurel leaves to decorate each piece.

Knowing the temper of his fellow-countrymen, and how unsuitable it would be considered to accord this symbol of victory to the hated foe, only just vanquished, the entire sets of ware were returned to the makers by him, and plain unadorned articles ordered to take their place.

General Robb possesses one of these interesting sets ; it has unfortunately been broken, but carefully mended. The remaining sets are at his relative's place, Great Tew, in Oxfordshire.

The building of Rutland Gate was chiefly the work of Mr. John Elger, who purchased sites there, and also obtained leases from the then Lord Listowel.

The houses Nos. 2, 4 and 6, facing the Park, are the oldest of all the houses in Rutland Gate, and were built in 1835. From No. 7 to where Baron D'Erlanger's house, Park House, stands, was formerly known as Serpentine Terrace, but these houses were of a much later date, 1851 or thereabouts, and Park House has been considerably enlarged in recent times. It is thought that the lately removed Eresby House was the Rutland House of former days. A huge block of flats now fills this corner.

As we have seen, the Parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, formerly spread over a large area in this direction, the boundary of which is to-day marked on a stone, thus : " St.M., W.K.B." The old custom of beating the bounds used to be an occasion for much horseplay ; and as the

boundary ran at the back of the lower end of Rutland Gate, the occupiers of those houses had occasion for complaint.

At No. 46 there used to be a conservatory, and this the "Beaters" considered fair game for their unruly pranks, indeed it was an annual annoyance to have several panes broken, by such missiles as stones and potatoes. It was quite impossible to catch the offenders, as they fully realized, for it took some time, of course, to run to the end of the row of houses, and by the time that was reached, the marauders had vanished. The conservatory was therefore demolished, and the trouble ceased; the custom has now been abolished, and that of Guy Fawkes on November 5th, seems likely to follow it into oblivion. Formerly huge Guys were burned in the streets, and much cheering and applause would follow, as the figure gradually flamed away into ashes. Children would parade the streets, shouting and calling shrilly, "a penny for the Guy," but this appears to be now less popular, perhaps because, on account of old age pensions, and the dole for unemployment, there is happily much less real destitution than formerly was the case.

Up to about the year 1875, there was no right of way through the Brompton Churchyard, and the gates were kept locked, residents in Rutland Gate having to go right round by the Exhibition Road, should they wish to go to Brompton. The gates are now closed for one day in each year, just to preserve the right of property.

We, in Ennismore Gardens, have to thank the Baron D'Erlanger for permission to walk on three hundred and sixty-four days of the year along the path from our Churchyard into Rutland Gate; the gate of which is locked always at sundown. Formerly there were large iron gates at the top of Rutland Gate, which were closed at night, but people keeping late hours found it most inconvenient to be obliged to call up the gate-keeper when in bed, while from his or her point of view, it must have been doubly unpleasant, so these gates were eventually taken down and done away with.

CHAPTER V

Distinguished Residents in Rutland Gate. Father of the Army. "The Pompadours." The Queen's Aide-de-camp. Sir Edmond Commerell. Mr. Montagu Cookson or Crackenthorpe. Sir Francis Dalton. A Niece of Lord Macaulay. A One-armed Crossing-sweeper. Major Hussey's Improvements in Hyde Park. Lord Redesdale. The Dell. A Dépôt for Rubbish. Mr. Liddell's Lovely Daughters. "All a Growin'." Dizzy Loved a Muffin-bell. An 1860 Burglar.

IN Rutland Gate, two doors away from General Robb, once lived General Breton, who held the proud distinction of being, in his day, "the Father of the British Army." He served as Colonel commanding the 56th Foot, better known as "The Pompadours."

At No. 45, Sir Edmond Commerell lived. He held many proud distinctions, amongst them being the V.C. and G.C.B. He acted as Principal Aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria. His daughter, Miss Commerell, still occupies the same house. At No. 57, Mr. Whitmore, the well-known Police Magistrate, lived. His eldest son sat as Member of Parliament for Chelsea.

It is worthy of note, that when people come to live in either Rutland Gate or Ennismore Gardens, they seldom wish to move to another part of London; rather, should they desire to change into a larger or, in these days, possibly a smaller house, they try to suit themselves again in the same district. An example of this was Mr. Montagu Cookson, who took the name of Crackenthorpe. He was a K.C., and first occupied No. 27, then moving into No. 65, and finally into No. 20.

His son Darell received the honour of Companion of

St. Michael and St. George. About Mr. Crackenthorpe's melancholy end, and his funeral at All Saints, we shall read in a future chapter.¹

Captain Yorke, who later became the Earl of Hardwicke, lived in Rutland Gate, and in No. 42, Sir Francis Galton (who was President of the Eugenic Society, and a prominent member of the Royal Geographical Society) also made his home. Coming to a later day, Lord Knutsford, the famous Sidney Holland of hospital fame, whose mother was a niece of Lord Macaulay, and a sister of George Otto Trevelyan, followed his father, the first Lord Knutsford, and occupied in his turn Nos. 49 and 65.

Across the Kensington Road, where such endless traffic roars continuously by night and day, there used to be three steps giving access to Hyde Park, and a one-armed crossing-sweeper would stand there, helping the nurses to lift up the perambulators, in one of which, in bygone days, General Robb himself rode. Hyde Park was then a very different place to what we see to-day. To begin with, there certainly were no football matches, mixed bathing, or bowls, but there were also no flowers, no pretty vistas of flowering shrubs. One Major Hussey, of the Royal Engineers, worked wonders for improvements in Hyde Park, ably assisted by the Lord Redesdale of that day, who lived in the house in Rutland Gate which is now occupied by Surgeon-Major F. Warren Pearl.

What is called The Dell, where a pretty water-garden with a pair of storks, water hens, and rabbits now disport themselves, was seventy years ago a dépôt for old newspapers, orange peel and other abominations. Now an interested audience of children and adults may ever be seen during the day watching the gambols of birds and animals, or admiring the pretty shrubs which clothe its banks.

A few other notabilities in Rutland Gate, and we must pass on elsewhere. Park House, now the Baron

¹ See Chapter VI.

D'Erlanger's residence, was originally the property of Mr. Smith,¹ the well-known banker, while in No. 49 (now Mrs. Stone's house, and of whose husband, General Stone, we shall speak later in our story) lived Mr. Liddell, who owned no less than four beautiful daughters. One of these ladies became Mrs. North Dalrymple, and we learn that four doors away, in No. 45, her great friend, Lady Albemarle, lived, whose father was Lord Egerton of Tatton.

The houses from the corner downwards were developed by the Cubitt estate, and as we have seen, are of later date than the three which face the Park.

Although we now complain of noise at night in London, it cannot be said to have been really a quiet place in the older days. Much more entertaining took place in private houses than to-day, when restaurants and clubs are so much patronized, and in addition the street cries, barrel organs, whistling for cabs, the clatter of horses' hoofs, with shouting footmen, can hardly have been conducive to sleep. "All a growin'," the men would cry, wheeling along a cartful of flowering plants. "Mere cress," "Cats' meat," "Sweep," rung the changes as the hours passed, and when tea-time came round, in the shortening days of autumn, or the chill of winter, the muffin bell had a pleasant, cheerful charm of its own. Lord Beaconsfield used to say he liked to return to town by October 1st, so as to hear the muffin bell ring once again.

There is a record of a burglary in the 'sixties in Rutland Gate, which has a familiar sound to-day, for when Lady Knutsford was having her dinner in No. 65, a man climbed up a pipe in quite present-day style, managing to enter her bedroom unobserved through the window, and escaping with his booty, no one having been aware of his presence.

¹ See Chapter II.

CHAPTER VI

Canon and Mrs. Blomefield leave. The Golden Age Dawns.

The Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart. His Ideals. A Strong Committee of Laymen. San Zenone, Verona. Sgraffitto. New Arrangements. A Supper for the Husbands. "Feed the Brute." English People. Football and Scholarship. An African Correspondent. A Lumber Sale. Mr. Sanders' Appointment as Organist. Choirboys "Make it Hot for him." A Wonderful Record. His One Trouble. Harmony and Melody. A Sad End to Mr. Crackenthorpe. A Cremation. A Glass Receptacle. A Terrible Fog. Railway Collision. Badly Bruised. A Trying Experience with a Blower. Choir boys in Plenty then. A Concert. Mr. August sends Plants. Mr. Heywood Summer. Lord Ashcombe. Mr. M. Dobson. Mr. C. C. Laing. Lady Normanton. Hon. Mrs. Carpenter. The Misses Swinburne. Sir W. Richmond. "History of Strong Drink." "Boys Show Intelligence."

WITH the departure of Canon and Mrs. Blomefield, after ten years' residence, began a new and Golden Age for All Saints Parish, when the Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart was presented to the living. It is said that a "new broom sweeps clean," and there is no doubt that Mr. Stewart's energy and perseverance was fully up to the standard set by his original predecessor, Mr. William Harness. He set out with the idea of completing the church, according to Vulliamy's plan, both inside and out, and never rested from his labours and persistent appeals, until he saw that feat accomplished.

He first collected a strong committee of influential laymen, and explained to them his schemes. These included decoration of the interior of the church, new vestries, the chancel entirely remodelled, the organ moved

from its position in the West Gallery to the present one ; the church to be re-seated in oak, and to sum up this ambitious programme, an entirely new west front to be built, in imitation of San Zenone's Church at Verona.

Everything he suggested was approved of by the Committee, and the beautiful font presented.¹ No wonder he felt encouraged.

It was decided that any Gothic style of decoration would look out of place in an Italian church ; the severe lines of a Basilica requiring colour to be provided by either mosaic marble or fresco ; accordingly the method finally chosen was what goes by the term of Sgraffitto (Anglice scratched), as used during the sixteenth century in Italy.

There is no painting in it whatever, and the work becomes as much part of the church as the stone of which it is built. A thin layer of fine white cement covers another layer mixed with colour, and the top layer is then "scratched" or cut away, to reveal the tints beneath. To interested parishioners, cartoons of the proposed figure studies were shown in the church, with the result that a few members at once decided to present special gifts.

Mrs. Forster promised the figure of St. Stephen ; Mr. J. C. Salt, St. Aidan. In order to more fully understand this interesting process of decoration, we read that the initial part of the work begins by fastening the cartoon with slate nails to the surface which is to be decorated. The outline of the design is then "pounced through," as it is termed. Next the cartoon is removed and the nails replaced ; the different colours carefully marked in chalks, and the tints of the pattern filled in. Over this, the final surface coat of Aberthaw lime and selimitic or Parian cement is laid, when the design is cut out with slanting edges before the colours of the cement have had time to set.

Mr. Sumner took his idea from that of Mr. F. W.

¹ By Lord Ashcombe.

Moody, who had done Sgraffitto work at the South Kensington Museum. Previous to that none of this process had been performed in England since the reign of Henry VIII.

The original discoverer of the art was the Italian artist, Morto da Feltri, when he was occupied in excavating Roman antiquities for the Medici Family.

It had been employed in the decoration of ancient tombs, and then went by the name of "Grottesche," hence our modern word "grotesque," and had frequently been used in Florence.

It was so permanent, so much more certain to last than glass, mosaic, or tapestry could ever be, as it really becomes, as we have seen, a part of the building which it adorns.

It does, in effect, "deliver its simple message,¹ and then relapses into silence," a beautiful thought.

All Saints was not the only church to benefit by Mr. Sumner's exquisite work. At the Parish Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Llanvair Kilgedden, Mon.; at Wells College Chapel; at Vicars Close, Claire, Co. Kildare; at Crookham, near Winchfield; St. Agatha's, Portsmouth; Brereton, near Rugby; and at St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, specimens of it may be found.

So Mr. Ravenscroft Stewart set himself to work, and all sorts of Church bodies were started, such as a Band of Hope, to teach the children early the beauty of temperance; a Mothers' Meeting to gather the women together, and help them in their onerous daily toil; ■ Communicants' Guild, to make an open confession of the soul's hunger after righteousness; and lastly, a Supper for the husbands! Mr. Stewart having perhaps in his mind the old adage which runs, that if you want successfully to influence a man, you must first "Feed the Brute."

In a copy of *The Church Monthly* of 1898, the following

¹ From a pamphlet by Rev. C. K. Smith on Sgraffitto work.

appreciation of the British character is entertaining : "English people," it says, "are an admixture of Britons, Anglo-Saxons, Danes and Normans. They inherit and embody the excellences of all. The Anglo-Saxon invasion began A.D. 449 ; the Danes came in 794," and as every schoolboy can tell you, even if he knows no other date, "William the Conqueror arrived to fight and win the Battle of Hastings in 1066."

A straw shows how the wind blows, and the fact that Mr. Ravenscroft Stewart held this exalted opinion of his fellow-countrymen (which of course included his own parishioners), was calculated to encourage them in an endeavour to live up to the high standard which he depicted, rather than if he had expressed himself less enthusiastically about them. It is said that it was Kipling's poems which helped to make the wonderful soldiers we found during, and after, the Great War.

He told them what they ought to be, and gradually they became what he suggested, so that when the day came at last for the Evacuation of Cologne, by the British Army of the Rhine, their former foes spoke of them as "Gentlemen indeed" ; no small praise.

Mr. Ravenscroft Stewart was careful to appraise, when praise was deservedly won ; Walter Charles Hall gained a scholarship, and the fact is duly noted. We also find the successes in the football field commented on, when All Saints School defeated, not only Brompton in January, 1898, but also St. Mary's, Vincent Square, and St. Matthews, Westminster.

He also inculcated interest in foreign missions by starting a correspondence between an African boy, and All Saints. The African's name was James Mbuli, and he was receiving his Christian education at Magili School. The letter is written in his own tongue, but the translation is given. No doubt the schoolboys of 1898 were thrilled to read what a black boy could tell them of his life and work, and became eager to help in other missionary efforts in

consequence. . . . A Mission House was arranged at 36 Trevor Square, where blankets, linen, water-bed, air-pillows, etc. could be obtained by applying to Mrs. Hinde.

Mr. Douglas Round was the teacher in the National School in Knightsbridge Green, while Miss Knight instructed the infants.

The Mothers' Meeting was run by Mrs. Vivian and the Misses Hunt, while Miss Young ran the Needlework Society. A Free Library was also arranged for in 3 Trevor Square, Miss E. Smith in charge; indeed, the Vicar was a busy man, and there was no denying him when he asked for help.

In 1898 he held the first "Lumber Sale" of many—a better word than the "Jumble" which obtains to-day; it seemed such a useful and pleasant idea to rid oneself of "Lumber," really a great kindness to be asked to give it.

The magazine was reorganized with the Curate, Mr. Young, as editor, and one is not surprised to learn that the sales were increasingly good. In fact, things were moving.

As church wardens, Mr. Francis Young, of 53 Ennismore Gardens, and Mr. Barnes, of 1 Trevor Terrace, were actively playing their parts, and gradually, but surely, people began to come to church again in ever-growing numbers.

Then a concert was arranged, and we meet Mr. Sanders, who is still our respected and most efficient organist, playing the accompaniments for the singers.

Mr. Sanders' record at All Saints is worthy of note in Parish annals. His appointment dates from December 26th, 1896, and his work there has been singularly constant, as on only three Sundays since that date, has he been absent from his post through illness. He tells me his only vexation is the constant search for new choir boys. With his colleagues amongst the men, he is ever on the best of terms, and so the music at All Saints is conducted with real harmony, in every sense of the word. How

truly musical Mr. Sanders must be, for even the very house he occupies is placed in Melody Road.

He had a strange beginning to his engagement at All Saints. Mr. Crackenthorpe, K.C., who was mentioned in a former chapter¹ as an example of faithfulness to this district, had come to a sad end, for his dead body, which was found floating in the river Seine, had been cremated and brought to England for burial. The service was arranged for December 26th, and Mr. Sanders was to officiate for the first time at the organ.

The ashes of the unfortunate gentleman were enclosed in a glass casket, and placed upon the Litany desk. But before the new organist could reach the church, a terrible fog was encountered, and a collision ensued at Wandsworth Road Station. Poor Mr. Sanders received a large bruise on the back of his head, which resulted in a splitting headache. However, he managed in spite of it, to perform his duties on the old and very infirm organ.

This possessed the antiquated tracker action, consequently was very heavy in touch, and tiring to manipulate.

It was also blown by hand, and it was not always possible to rely upon the blower ! Indeed Mr. Sanders had a very trying experience on one occasion. After the final address in a three-hours' service, on a Good Friday, in Mr. Ravenscroft Stewart's day, a hymn was given out, but the organ remained mute. Going hastily in search of the miscreant, he was discovered leaning against the wall of the vestry, quietly enjoying a pipe. When upbraided for such desertion of his post, he coolly observed that the address had "not been as long as he expected."

In those days choir boys were very plentiful, for the Church School was in existence, and the Master could always be relied upon to meet the demand when required.

It is an odd fact that choir boys seemed to grow in

¹ See Chapter IV.



CHARLES DICKENS READS THE MS. OF "THE CHIMES"
From Maclise's sketch.

Fulham, that having always been the most promising district in which to find recruits.

On Mr. Sanders' first arrival at All Saints, he happened to hear that some of the boys had given out that they intended to "make it hot" for the new man!

However, quite alive to what was afoot, he promptly expelled six ringleaders from among the choir, probably to their great surprise and chagrin, but with excellent results in the matter of discipline.

Those who have not trained a choir, cannot realize what a heartbreaking job it can be that just when a boy has received sufficient training to be really useful and reliable, his voice suddenly cracks, and he is useless for several years.

At the concert which we have already mentioned, Mr. August, the florist, of Albert Gate, most kindly lent plants wherewith to decorate the platform, and a very successful evening was the result.

Then a cricket pitch was secured at Wormholt Farm, near Shepherds Bush, and with C. Rowan, captain, and H. Pickett, vice-captain, Ramsay, Newman and West are mentioned as special enthusiasts. It all reads so pleasantly parochial, banded together for work and play, with the church as the centre of Life and Purpose, ready and anxious to help, should trouble or sickness overtake its members.

But there was work to be done, and much money to be collected if the church was ever to be finished and decorated in the manner originally designed by Vulliamy and Mr. Sumner. So, like Mr. Harness, Mr. Stewart set to work, and after much delay and many disappointments, ultimately conquered all difficulties and succeeded in his task.

The architect, as we have seen, employed to decorate the interior of All Saints was Mr. Heywood Sumner, son of Bishop Sumner, and of the well-known lady who originated and formed the Mothers' Union.

It was not possible to attempt the work except by degrees, as the money became available, but a slight scheme was formed as a start, and gifts such as this were asked for :

A Roundel between the arches.

A figure of a saint.

A window.

The large round West window.

Panels in the front of the galleries.

Certain sums were allotted for these items, and donors were invited to give them as memorials, if it should seem good to them. After this appeal, Lord Ashcombe appears to have been the first to come forward with the handsome offer of £308, for doing the Apse ; Mr. Dobson making himself responsible for the central figure of our Lord, and the Chancel Arch at the cost of £250, while Mr. C. C. Laing gave a large Roundel costing £50.

The Dowager Lady Normanton a figure at £30, the Hon. Mrs. Carpenter did likewise ; also the Misses Swinburne. The Sunday School teachers subscribed £36 towards a Roundel ; the Communicants' Guild £15 for a window. Even Mr. Stewart must have been astonished at so successful an appeal. We read that the gilding of the Apse, where poor Mr. Tupper's sky and silver stars had once gleamed, cost £128. Sir W. Richmond, R.A., did £31 worth of work, but which unfortunately is not specified.¹ Mr. Sumner's fees for his design came to £908 1s. 8d.

So the activities went on and, as already said, the Golden Age of All Saints had arrived. The Band of Hope continued to flourish, but the lads' courage quailed when invited to write a paper, and come up for examination on " the History of strong drink in England," only twelve boys out of a large number attempting it, at which one is not surprised.

¹ Probably the design for mosaic work in Chancel arch.

In a report on the schools of that day we read :

“ Boys show intelligence and great industry, girls somewhat keener, fairly good progress.”

It was evident that the day had not yet arrived for women to take the lead !

As to the infants, the kindly criticism ran : “ Pleasantly managed, on the whole efficiently taught.”

CHAPTER VII

An unexpected Windfall. The Crystal Palace. H.R.H. Duchess of Albany. A Mothers' Tea-party. "The Gigelira, the Rajio and the Dulcimer." A "Gramophone" is Heard. The Misses Blois. Mrs. and Miss Savile-Lumley. "Never Absent, Never Late, Never Idle." Eleven Brakes. "Dapple Grey Horses to Denote Happiness." Miss Saumerez and Miss Rodd. Mrs. Hinde's Willing Shoulders. Fifty Years since the Consecration. Servants fill the Galleries. Black Bonnets with Strings. Footmen in Livery. Parishioners invited to Aubrey Road. They inspect the Plans. Lady Frederick Cavendish speaks. The Roundels and Figures. St. Hilda of Whitby. Caedmon the Poet. The Title of Mother. Caedmon's Paraphrases. St. Aidan. St. Francis. The Grey Friars. St. Maurice. The Theban Legion. The Emperor Maximin. Put to the Sword. St. Peter and St. Paul. Abraham.

AN unexpected windfall came one day to cheer the Vicar up, in the shape of an anonymous gift of £400. How pleased and relieved he must have been to find the debt, as far as they had gone, entirely wiped out, and indeed a small surplus left in hand.

No wonder a successful excursion to the Crystal Palace was arranged directly afterwards, when the children were in charge of Mrs. Vivian and Mrs. Hinde.

At 4.15, no less a person than H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany arrived there, and was duly presented with a bouquet before giving away the prizes; a girl named Edith Mitchell receiving *White's Natural History of Selborne*.

So, much encouraged to further effort, Mr. Ravenscroft Stewart renews his bombardment, asking for the where-

withal to provide two bays on either side of the church, four Roundels, eight saints and ten more windows.

Another lumber sale ; school treats, childrens' holiday fund, the choir and flowers for the Altar, benefiting by the proceeds. The next excitement was " A Mothers' tea party." Miss Lee delighting the audience by singing plantation songs, and accompanying herself upon various extraordinary instruments, such as the gigelira, the rajio and a dulcimer. The latter calling to mind a burning fiery furnace, in the days of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

It seems that these strange instruments were made of blocks of wood, laid upon straw ! Can any reader explain this ? Mrs. Baird and Mrs. Hughes also " obliged " with old favourites.

August comes, and the Vicar asks imploringly : " Will no one give the amount for the large west window ? "

Next is an amusing account of a social evening, in which for the first time, a " grammaphone " (*sic*) is heard.

It is written of as " a most extraordinary invention," as it truly is, and the account continues : " You can sit quite still and listen to songs and music—voices of singers reproduced with fidelity—specially laughing songs." Now, with wireless in every cottage, how far we have travelled since then, and yet it is only thirty-six years ago since those words were written. What will this world be like thirty-six years hence ? I wonder.

The gramophone was brought there by the Misses Blois, from Ennismore Gardens ; they will probably remember the occasion ?

A great prize-giving at the schools followed. Is the reason for a certain want of life in the Parish to-day due to the fact that there are no longer schools in connection with the church ? Quite possibly so, for the saying that : " We live our lives over again in our children," is such a true one.

At the prize giving Mrs. Stewart dispensed them, while

Mrs. Savile-Lumley and her daughter, who is happily still with us, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Kiddle and Mr. Douglas Round were present. Henry Burton and Fred Manley were well up in their scripture; Walter Webb, though apparently not much of a scholar, was commended for most regular attendance, not having missed one single day. Mary Slark, Nellie Gulvin and Rosina Evans, gained prizes; indeed they had proved themselves to be paragons, for they were "Never absent, never late, never idle." I do hope they are still alive to read these wonderful tributes.

Jimmie Brill had certainly done his best, as he had only missed attendance once, so had well earned the prize he was awarded.

Contrasted with the huge motor coaches which invariably convey excursion parties to their destinations to-day, it is interesting to read of a trip setting out from All Saints, bound for Bushey Park, in eleven brakes, with horses "mostly dapple grey, *to denote happiness*" is noted.

The thirsty animals were duly watered at Gunnersbury, and again at Twickenham, and the children, we read, in their happiness, cheered the gatekeeper, who, soured, one may suppose, with years, did not respond.

A meat dinner, with cherry pie to follow, was eaten with much relish in the Pavilion, and when over, parties proceeded to lose themselves in the Maze.

All Saints boys played Knightsbridge boys at cricket, and defeated them by three wickets. Meanwhile Miss Saumerez, Miss Rodd and our gramophone friends, the Misses Blois, arrived on the scene by train. Of course, there were no motor 'buses in those dark ages. Tea over successfully, the usual foot, wheelbarrow and "donkey" races, boys representing the latter being blindfolded. Then even the mothers had a try, and two were voted particularly agile. The work of the Children's Holiday Fund fell almost entirely on Mrs. Hinde's willing shoulders, and her efforts to find suitable places for the

children were untiring. All had, before setting out, to be medically examined, so the correspondence involved must have been immense, but she loved the children and grudged nothing, when such happy prospects lay before them; we rejoice to learn that Mrs. Hinde herself left for her well-earned holiday shortly afterwards.

It was now close on fifty years since the Consecration of All Saints, and about time that the proposed Decoration scheme should be finished and done with. We learn that by the Month of May, subscriptions were coming in freely, and the happy Vicar described his feelings as "thankful."

He used frequently to lament over the chilling effect produced in a preacher, and the congregation present, if few people attended a service.

Apparently his admonitions did not fall upon deaf ears, for we find that gradually numbers began to improve, and the church to fill up.

The galleries were occupied in those days by servants employed in the neighbouring great houses, the maids coming to church in their black dresses and bonnets, with strings neatly tied beneath their chins; the footmen in their liveries, adorned with gilt or silver buttons.

At length Mr. Sumner had completed his drawings, and parishioners were invited to attend at his studio at 9 Aubrey Road, Campden Hill, and inspect his plans.

On Friday, December 2nd, 1898, at 12.30, the parishioners arrived with their Vicar, and were shown four Roundels, and eight upright figures, which latter, he designed to place between the Clerestory windows.

The last item of parochial interest that year recorded was a visit from the late Lady Frederick Cavendish and Miss Mackenzie, who came to 61 Rutland Gate, in order to plead for the Women's Missionary Association.

Let us now take a look round the church, and examine those Roundels and figures which were first placed on the

walls, returning later to give a more detailed account of what was done at another time.

Beginning with the first Roundel on the south wall, we find our Saviour, as He kneeled and prayed.

"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"; and on the second:

"Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup."

In the upright panels, are St. Stephen and St. John.

The third Roundel represents "The Sermon on the Mount"; a man standing on one side, a woman and child on the other, to represent Humanity; "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary, I came not to judge the World, but to save the World."

Contrast with this the Roundel where Moses explains the terrors of the Ancient Law, note two figures are listening to him with averted gaze. Then there is the figure of St. Hilda, the sainted Abbess of Whitby.

The Abbess St. Hilda lived before A.D. 680. Her life lasted for sixty years, half of which she spent among her kindred, and the other half in a religious house. She was of Teutonic descent, but with Roman and Celtic influences, of a sober disposition, but possessing tact, sympathy and restraint, with sound judgment. It is written of her that "The Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding, the Spirit of Counsel and ghostly strength were hers."

The great and the lowly visited her, kings and princes sought advice in statesmanship, while bishops exchanged spiritual counsels with her. Her religious house at Whitby had a side for men and one for women; Hilda ruling both. She also established a training school, especially for Clergy, and among her pupils she counted five who became bishops, two of whom were of York, one of Dorchester, one of Worcester and one of Hexham, the latter being St. John of Beverley; all accorded her the title of Mother, an honour not given before to abbesses, a mark of her piety and grace. Caedmon here received his training, forerunner in song as he was of Chaucer,

Shakespeare, Spenser and Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning.

Like the Prophet Amos of old, a simple cowherd became a prophet and a teacher.

The earliest translations of the Bible from the Vulgate, were Caedmon's Anglo-Saxon paraphrases, written *circa* 670. It is said that he possessed such a poetic gift, that whatever he translated because so beautified, his teachers were glad to be his hearers. His paraphrases were widely learnt and sung, indeed for many, they *were* "The Bible."

St. Aidan, teacher of Lindisfarne, Chad, Bishop of Lichfield, and Cedd, Bishop of the East Saxons, were among Caedmon's pupils.

Writing of St. Aidan, the Venerable Bede tells us that he owed no obedience to Rome, but accepting the Rule of St. Columba of Iona, rejected Roman usages. It must be remembered that Iona was then the central focus of Western Christendom's intellectual thought.

St. Aidan's was said to be a faultless character, possessing all the sweetness and breadth of the Celt, without its faults.

Next we come to the figure of St. Francis, representing simplicity of Life, and love of nature. He was a member of the Grey Friars, who protested against the political ambition and financial extortion of the Papacy, and sought to preach the Gospel Message simply, to simple folk.

He would speak of the Sun as his brother, the Moon and Water as his sisters. It was in 1212, that St. Francis received Papal Sanction for his order, and in 1224 he arrived in Oxford, with his fellow Friars, where they became known as "Grosseteste," that is, celebrated for learning.

Their work lay among the poorest; the criminal and the outcast were their special charge; the leper, and even

the plague-stricken, were tended by them, when priest and monk "passed by on the other side."

The simple, the sin-stained, the despairing were St. Francis' care, attracted by his poverty and love for souls.

Next comes St. Maurice, a soldiery figure, who was Captain of the Theban Legion, about A.D. 286. The Emperor Maximin summoned his Legion to attack Gaul. Halting at the Lake of Geneva, Maximin commanded a sacrifice to the gods, explaining that his design was to extirpate Christianity. Maurice, however, in the name of his Legion, refused obedience to this order, addressing his Emperor as follows :

"Oh, Cæsar, we are thy soldiers, but we are also soldiers of Jesus Christ. From thee, we receive our pay, from Him eternal Life. To thee we owe service, to Him obedience. We are ready to follow thee against the Barbarians, but we are also ready to suffer Death, rather than renounce our Faith, or fight our brethren."

Maximin then ordered that the entire Theban Legion be surrounded and put to the sword.

In the fourth Roundel, "The Worship of Abraham," we find a solitary worshipper ; "Look now toward Heaven and tell the stars . . . so shall thy seed be."

Note also the contrast of the simple fisherman, St. Peter, with the cultured man of the World, St. Paul, preaching to the intelligentsia of his day at Athens.

The remaining Sgraffitto work and its subjects will be returned to in a later chapter. It must be kept in mind that the work was done in detachments, as subscriptions for the cost of it were received, growing gradually to completion, as great Cathedrals do, and ever have done.

CHAPTER VIII

The Marble is placed on the Pilasters. A Drowning Tragedy. A Church Congress. Dedication, All Saints' Day, 1899. Rev. A. W. Gough, "Vicar designate of Brompton," Preaches. School Buildings Dangerous. Children go to Brompton. Canon Body's Sermon. "Spiritual Hindrances." Mr. Sanders plays his Violin. The Boer War. A Postponed Wedding. Miss Teesdale Dies. "A benefactor to the Poor." Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller. Relief of Mafeking. A New Word in the Dictionary. A Strange Addition to the National Anthem. The Organ wears out. A Story of Sam Wesley. An Enchanted Listener. Forgot to Preach. A New Organ is Ordered. New Prayer Books Given. Queen Victoria's Passing. A Personal Loss. A Touching Story. "Buy a Black Tie." A Solemn Journey Home. Sobbing Women. The Abbey Draped in Purple. A New Era Begins.

WHILE the improvements in All Saints were in progress, hospitality was granted by Holy Trinity Church, Knightsbridge, Mr. Sumner being busy with his decorations while the marble was placed on the Sanctuary pilasters, the cost of which was an anonymous gift.

A tragic parochial event took place this summer, when an excursion was made to Bushey Park. Miss Kate Stockwell, one of the school teachers, known as "Teacher Kate," went out in a boat there with her sister, Mrs. Major, and her little niece, Mrs. Vivian also being of the party. Although an experienced man was in charge, the boat upset, and the teacher, her sister and niece were all drowned.

In October, 1899, a great church congress was held, meeting in the Albert Hall, Imperial Institute, and Kensington Town Hall. Previous congresses had taken

place, the opening one of all being at Cambridge, in 1861 ; followed by others, at Oxford, Manchester and Dublin, but this was the first one to take place in London.

Laymen and clergy were invited to meet and consult on Church progress and needs ; of services, ritual, labour disputes, old age pensions, housing ; a formidable programme. The opening ceremony was at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching, while at the Albert Hall meeting, the Bishop of London presided. A mass meeting for men only was also held there, at which the Archbishop, the Lord High Chancellor, the Dean of Canterbury, and Sir Edward Clarke spoke. Seventy tickets of admission were sent to All Saints Parish.

At length, in November, the work of Decoration was accomplished as far as funds would permit, so two Dedication Services took place on All Saints' Day, at which the preachers were Canon Robinson, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster at 6 p.m., at 8 p.m., the Rev. A. W. Gough, " Vicar designate of Brompton."¹

Mr. Sumner's desire to see his ideas carried out is shown by his offer to defer payment for one year, provided six more windows were added to the four already coloured in tone with the Sgraffitto work, and this was agreed to, while from the Communicants' Guild came the gift of a beautiful ewer for use in the church.

But it was a long and uphill task, and we, who to-day can admire the decorations of our church, should offer a pæon of praise to those, our forerunners, who gave in their day so liberally of their substance.

An amusing account is given in a Parish note of a Social Evening, at which Mr. Frank Robertson chose for his song, " Let us be friends again." It is to be hoped that there had been no quarrel to account for this.

It was in January, 1900, that bad news was received about the condition of the School buildings. It appeared

¹ Brompton Parish Church was originally dedicated 1820.

that there was a serious settlement in the West wall, and considerable bulges elsewhere.

Two iron ties were promptly placed in the roof, but the architects deprecated any oscillation, such as would be caused by "dancing, marching in file, or kentish fire."

It was a most alarming report, and there was nothing for it but to close down the schools at once, and send the elder children to Brompton. All Saints, meanwhile, undertaking to pay a certain sum towards their expenses.

All teachers were at once given notice to quit by Christmas. Mr. Gough kindly allocated the top story of his school to All Saints for their Sunday School meeting, the tiny infants still risking their little lives in the condemned building.

In February, Mr. Stewart announced that he would welcome children "of the more educated classes" in church on Sunday afternoons, for instruction in their Church Catechism and other matters, giving an undertaking that the school should not last over thirty minutes.

Canon Pennefather and Canon Body came to preach at the Lenten Services, the former's subjects being "The hindrances we meet with in Spiritual Life." He spoke of the want of self-knowledge, so common with the best of people.

It is said that each has three aspects of his own personality.

- (1) What he thinks he is himself.
- (2) What his friends think he is.
- (3) What God knows him to be.

Canon Body spoke of lukewarmness, neither cold nor hot.

Aimlessness, drifting rudderless over Life's sea.

Restlessness, slothfulness, and finally, Despondency.

How strange it must have felt to celebrate the Christmas festivities in Brompton Schools, where Mr. Gough could not have been kinder, and where Mr. Sanders gave some delightful performances on his violin.

In 1900, as all know, the Boer War was raging, and intercession services were regularly held for the fighting men, so far away from home, relatives being invited to send in the names of those about whom they were in special anxiety.

This year a well-known parishioner, Miss Teedsdale, died; she was a sad loss to many of the poor, having taken in hand various pensioners of the Church as a charge on her private bounty. Then as now, appeals abounded; some for the benefit of fighting men's families, not to speak of a serious famine in India, and a fire at Ottawa.

One melancholy happening is recorded about this time.

A large wedding was taking place at All Saints, when the news came through of heavy casualties in the Gloucestershire Regiment in South Africa, in which near relatives of the bridal pair were serving, thus causing a sudden and sad termination to all the gay festivities which had been planned.

By May, Lord Roberts had arrived at Kroonstadt, while Sir Redvers Buller had reached Newcastle, and Mafeking was relieved.

What excitement there was on that occasion; so intense the relief to know that the much-tried garrison had ended their long protracted struggle. In fact the new verb "to maffick" was added to our sober English dictionaries by that event, signifying "to lose all self-control in tense excitement."

While things such as this were happening, it will be seen that to make appeals for church decoration would have been hopelessly unsuitable. However, some months later, when matters in South Africa were gradually settling down again, our Vicar was once more at the attack.

He discovered that some of his parishioners found fault with too much music in All Saints Services, preferring the simple plainness of a country village; so anxious

to meet all tastes, if such a thing were possible, Mr. Stewart inaugurated a short four o'clock afternoon service with no hymns at all, merely canticles and psalms sung. But those, who objected in the morning, did not seem drawn to the afternoon either, so the idea, after a time, was given up.

There is an account of a Mothers' Union tea-party when the fall of Pretoria was an accomplished fact.

The tea tables were patriotically decorated with Union Jacks, and a variant verse even added to the National Anthem, which ran as follows :

“ Hers is Pretoria.
Bobs is her Warrior ”

which alteration does not quite appeal to our sense of the fitness of things to-day.

Some members of the congregation having complained of a great draught near the west entrance, a suggestion to place double doors, costing £65, was however not accepted as a solution by the complainants, for not one single halfpenny was received in response to an appeal.

Indeed, a much more urgent matter was soon to engage the attention of the congregation ; the organ was wearing out. It had given fifty years of faithful service, but the bellows were uncertain, and not to be trusted, and after examination by an expert, its condition was pronounced “ hopeless.” Now the cost of a suitable new organ was £1,000 and £200 for an oak case.

The response to this appeal was instantaneous ; by December £577 16s. od. had been received, the organ builders, Messrs. Lewis of Brixton, reporting that the old instrument was thoroughly out of date, in a really shocking state of repair ; pipe work, old scale, bellows and sound boards, completely worn out.

A specification was received, giving £1565 as the cost of a suitable new instrument, but this was turned down as too expensive ; later £1,000 was agreed to, with arrange-

ments to extend stops if money was forthcoming later on.

It was to be ready in six months' time.

When on the subjects of organs, it is interesting to recall a story of Sam Wesley's playing having affected a popular preacher "so much, that he quite forgot all about his clerical duties."

It seemed that this preacher was in the habit of leaving his assistant to perform the services until the time for the sermon should come, when he would duly appear from a side door.

Wesley was playing entrancingly a lovely Gregorian theme. As the preacher entered, he listened attentively to the beautiful music. Indeed, so obsessed was he by it that, entering the vestry, he removed his black gown, and quite forgetting all about his sermon, returned to his house, which fortunately was near at hand.

"Why are you back so early?" questions his wife in amazement. Hurriedly retracing his footsteps, the absent-minded preacher was fortunate enough to find Sam Wesley still playing, so hastily redonning his black robe, he ascended the pulpit, and all was well.

After this digression, it is good to read that by January 1901, £1,066 15s. 6d. being in hand for the new organ fund, Mr. Stewart was now fully justified in placing the order.

By May the organ was nearing completion and only £400 more required to meet the cost.

In August a proposal came from the Communicants' Guild, with regard to providing, at their expense, new prayer books for use in church. Queen Victoria was dead, King Edward and Queen Alexandra now occupied the British Throne, this fact necessitating certain alterations in the text.

Those old enough will recall how strange it seemed at first to pray for a King, and to talk of King's Counsels, the Court of King's Bench, and so forth, not to speak of

"God save the King," in our national anthem, when all one's life one had been used to think only of a Queen. I believe everyone felt a real personal loss when the news came that Queen Victoria was gone; she had always been there, and the love and loyalty displayed by the populace was very remarkable and sincere. A touching little story was told of a well-dressed man entering a 'bus in London, wearing a coloured tie. A poor man, noting the fact, handed him a shilling, saying with some indignation, "Go and buy a black one." People spoke of the dramatic simplicity of the bringing back of the old Queen's body from the Isle of Wight, on a calm winter's evening, to Southampton. Not a sound, except the tolling of the church bells, and the slow firing of minute guns. Then, the procession through London, the tiny coffin lying draped on a gun carriage, the streets lined with troops, women sobbing as though their hearts would break.

I well remember attending the memorial service in the Abbey, looking so strange with its purple draperies, and the poignant grief we felt as, all on our knees, we sang with the choir: "When our heads are bowed with woe." We perhaps hardly realized it at the time, but an Age was over on the day that the great Queen passed; a new Era had begun.

CHAPTER IX

Many Pleasant Activities. The Bishop of London suggests Laymen for Church work. Lady Lansdowne opens a Sale. Exeter Hall. New Organ Played. Mr. Sumner's Scheme. "Reverent and Instructive." "Will some day be allowed by All." The Coronation of King Edward. The King's Illness. "L'Homme Propose, Dieu Dispose." All Saints Choir sings at the Coronation Festivities, and other occasions.

WE read of cricket matches, swimming, and other delightful parish activities which took place, a race being swum in the Serpentine on July 8th, 1901, showing that the bathing there is not at all so modern an innovation as some people would ask you to believe.

In the autumn of 1901, a suggestion came from the Bishop of London that suitable laymen should be invited to take up church work, and he issued a pamphlet, labelled "Why? Because God desires my personal Service. The Church needs it, the World calls for it, and my own Spiritual Life in large measure depends on it. If we keep religion to ourselves," he continued, "we may soon find there is not much to keep."

On November the 13th, a great sale of work was held in the Parish, being opened on the first day by Lady Lansdowne, and on the second by the Bishop of Stepney.

Another meeting of interest is recorded as having taken place at Exeter Hall, in aid of the London Missionary Association, in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, when the Bishops of London, Caledonia and Zululand, with Sir Ian Hamilton, all spoke.

All Saints' Day, 1901, saw the opening of the new organ,

£90 being allowed in exchange for the old one, by Messrs. Lewis.

In February, 1902, a large diapason stop was added to the organ, and 188 hymn books for use by the congregation, were given by Mr. and Mrs. Ross-Fairfax.

People were invited to practise the hymns at home, a list for one month being given in advance.

Service books for altar and reading desk, and a Lectern Bible, were presented by the Communicants' Guild.

By May, 1902, the Vicar writes of "the extreme reverence and instructive interest" contained in Mr. Sumner's scheme, and adds the following words: "This, I believe, will some day be allowed by all."

There was still £1000 wanted to complete fully the scheme of decoration; people were invited to offer portions in memory of relatives lost in the South African War.

The great event expected that Summer was the Coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

A year and some months had elapsed since Queen Victoria's death, and London was looking forward with keen excitement, to the first Coronation which almost anyone, then living, could remember.

In the country, and in the great towns also, magnificent preparations were afoot, and no one dreamt of the sudden pause, and disappointment in prospect. We had ourselves been lent a house in London, and our two elder sons were coming up from Eton to be partakers in the wonderful sights.

Visiting them at Eton a few days before, my eldest son informed me that a policeman had told him the King was ill, and that the flag on the Castle would fly at half-mast.

Evidently some story of the King's illness had leaked out, but we pooh-poohed the idea, and said it could not be true.

Then the blow fell, and the shock was a dramatic one; people in the streets all looked so disappointed and

miserable, the unwanted stands and street decorations only adding to the universal woe. Not only had we taken seats for the Coronation procession, but also in the City the following day, not to speak of accommodation on the Penzance-Scilly Isles steamer, which was to take our party from Southampton, to see the great Naval Review at Spithead.

So the pecuniary loss was an added misfortune, but no one could be blamed, and the King's critical condition kept everyone anxious.

My husband saw him drive into Buckingham Palace with the doctor beside him in attendance, looking terribly ill and miserable, just before his operation took place.

All Saints had, of course, made preparations like other churches, to mark the wonderful event.

Holy Communion was to have been celebrated at 6 a.m. and Litany, with special prayers, at 6 p.m., but "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose," is a true saying, and all that could be done was to pray for the King's safety and recovery.

The Coronation eventually took place in August, but comparatively few people witnessed the Processions.

A selection from All Saints Choir, however, in charge of Mr. Sanders, assisted at the festivities which were held in the Riding School of the Knightsbridge Barracks. They had also sung at the Memorial Services for Queen Victoria, and years later, when King Edward also passed away, their services were again requisitioned.

CHAPTER X

The Decoration Scheme Again. Mr. Sumner's Address. He becomes Despondent. Record Subscriptions. Household Cavalry comes to All Saints. Mr. Stewart appointed Canon of Bristol. "Preponderance of Ladies." St. Christopher. St. George. St. Giles. A Wounded Hind. Abbot of Nîmes. St. Swithin. Origin of Legend. He Originates System of Tithes. St. Catherine. St. Margaret's our Mother Church. The Crusaders bring her Story to England. St. Agnes. St. Anne. Deplorable Restlessness. Mr. Stewart appointed Archdeacon of Bristol.

IN October, 1902, to assist the still unfinished Decoration scheme, the Vicar himself, presents the sum of £50, while anonymously, a similar amount is received.

By April, however, Mr. Sumner begins to grow somewhat impatient at the delay, writing that he has received an offer of other work, should All Saints fail in responding to appeals for the money necessary to finish his scheme.

The collections received in Church for the year, are noted as the best on record, reaching the high total of £2,460 6s. 9d; £1,441 of this money going creditably to the help of causes outside the parish, and quite unconnected with it.

At length a decision to do part of the work and leave the rest, is arrived at, one member offering to bear the cost of cleaning and painting the ceilings.

Mr. Stewart "begs and longs" for the time when "the unceasing appeal will end," but he adds that, "after twenty years' work, he would like to see it finished."

In December of that year, Holy Trinity Chapel, Albert Gate, was demolished, so the Household Cavalry, stationed at Knightsbridge Barracks, began to attend Service at

All Saints, every Sunday morning at 9.30 a.m.; the Chaplain to the Forces being responsible for the occasion, but Mr. Stewart addressing the men, and giving them a cordial welcome.

By December, things were looking somewhat brighter, but the announcement that Mr. Stewart had been appointed to the Canonry of Bristol, which would mean three months residence there, was received with regret.

He wrote from Bristol to announce the appointment, saying he found Bristol Cathedral full of people, a contrast to the smaller congregations at All Saints.

Prebendary Storrs and Prebendary Gough were invited to preach, and men were bidden to the short Military Service at 9.30, "where they were defended from the preponderance of Ladies," to which some of them had objected, as a reason for their absence from Church Services.

It may now be of interest to give a further list of those figures which adorn the walls of our church, also to quote the legends, and Characteristics of some of the selected Saints.

St. Christopher stands for strength, and there is a pretty legend of his carrying a child over a stream, only to find that his burden was our Lord. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, etc."

Of *St. George*, our Country's Patron Saint, it seems almost superfluous to write, his story is so well known.

One hundred and sixty-two churches are dedicated to his memory; he suffered martyrdom on April 23rd, A.D. 303.

The legend states that on his body were found three marks:

A dragon on his breast:

A garter on his leg: and a blood-stained cross on his arm. Hence the well-known red-cross, on a field of white.

St. Giles was a French hermit, who lived at the close

of the seventh century ; he was the protector of cripples and weak beggars.

The legend is a pretty one.

A hind, wounded by an arrow in the King's hunt, sought refuge in a cave.

The King discovers St. Giles on his knees by the stricken animal's side. So impressed by this was he, that he ordered St. Giles to attend him at Court.

But Courts were not to his taste, and he soon returned to the Forest, where he founded a Monastery, at Nîmes, becoming the Abbot. He gave his own coat to a beggar, and refused treatment for an accidental lameness, "wishing," he observed, "to suffer with the afflicted."

One hundred and eighty-six churches in England and Scotland bear his name, and many in Europe.

St. Swithin is a Saint well known to all, and I can well recall the acute anxiety with which, as a child, I watched the skies on July 15th, lest a drop of rain should fall, and so commit us to forty days of downpour.

We read that St. Swithin was of noble birth, born in the eighth century. He became Provost of the old Monastery at Winchester, and King Egbert's son, Ethelwolf, who was his pupil, appointed him first his Chaplain, and then Bishop of Winchester, 852 to 862. He is responsible for being the originator of the much vexed institution of Tithes, and was renowned for his modesty and learning. He was a devoted builder of churches, also a man of unusual piety and humility.

William of Malmesbury tells us that St. Swithin had asked that, when he died, he should be laid, "where passers-by might tread on his grave, and where the rain from the eaves might fall on it." A century after his death, he was Canonized, and the monks proceeded to exhume his body, in order to deposit it in the Cathedral, but this act was delayed by torrential rains. Hence the legend about the forty days.

St. Catherine. This saint represents intellectual purity.

She was the daughter of King Konstos, and when only eighteen years old, was sent to convince and convert philosophers to the Christian faith. She was, we read, as beautiful as she was learned, and numbered among her conversions, an Empress, a Greek General, two hundred soldiers, and many others.

She suffered a cruel martyrdom, for she was first placed on a torturing engine, composed of wheels, from which she was marvellously rescued. Then on November 25th, A.D. 307, she was beheaded.

She is the Patron Saint of Scholars and Philosophers in Paris.

Fifty-one churches are dedicated to her honour, and her picture was frequently painted on walls of churches in the Middle Ages, with crown, book and wheel.

St. Margaret. This should be for All Saints parishioners a very special saint, as being the patron of our Mother Church, St. Margaret's, Westminster.

She represents Female innocence, and was said to be the daughter of Dan, a heathen priest, but brought up by a Christian nurse. When her father discovered that she was a Christian, he refused to listen to her or even see her.

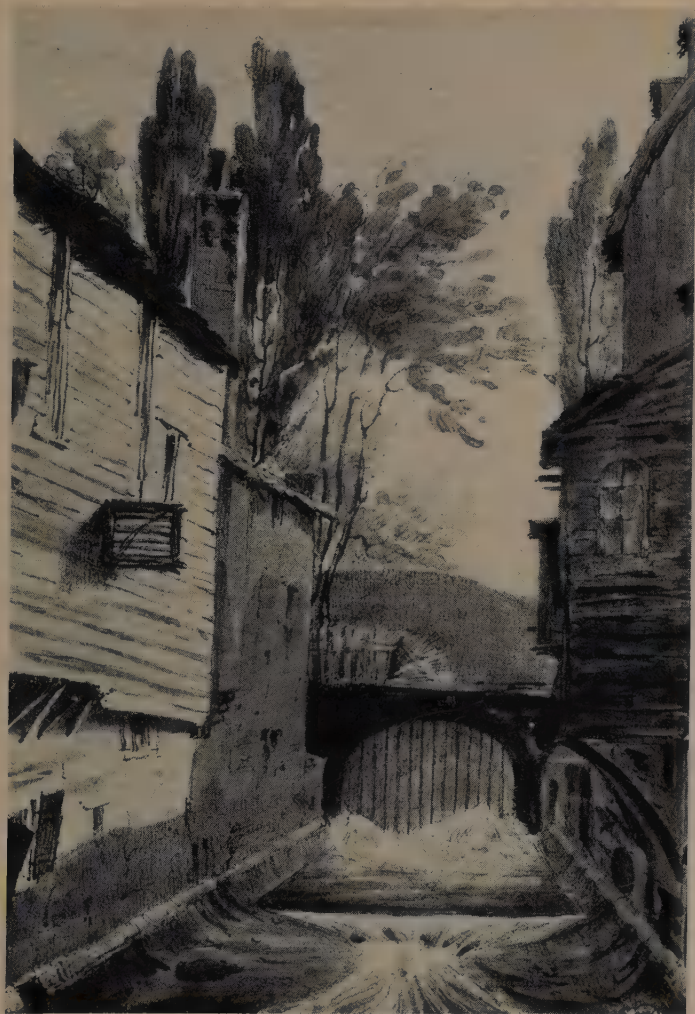
So she lived with her nurse, and occupied herself with tending sheep, like Joan the Maid of Orleans, and when so occupied, she was noticed by Olybrius, Prefect of Pisidia, who asked if she were free, or a slave.

She answered that she was free, but a slave of Christ. Hearing this, he threw her into prison, when the Devil appeared to her, in the guise of a Dragon, but failed to alarm her.

She was eventually beheaded in A.D. 278; the story of her life and martyrdom being brought to England by the Crusaders.

St. Agnes. Another type of girlish innocence, who, at the age of thirteen, suffered martyrdom in Rome.

Under the Emperor Diocletian, the legend runs that her parents, going to visit her tomb, saw a vision of



KNIGHTS' BRIDGE AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE

angels, while a snow-white lamb lay by their daughter's side. Her name is taken from the Greek Agné, signifying "pure." She is depicted with a cross in her hand, rising out of a dragon, and 238 churches are dedicated in her honour.

St. Anne. The legendary Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, said to be the daughter of Priest Matthan, a native of Bethlehem.

She had two sisters, one being the Mother of Elizabeth, and grandmother of John the Baptist.

Her husband was Joachim, of the tribe of Judah.

Anne's prayerful lament, which appears in apocryphal gospels, is illustrated in her panel, when, thinking herself childless, she vows if one be granted to her, she will dedicate it to God's service. This recalls to our minds the story of Hannah and Samuel.

As the figures and Roundels were only completed when funds became available to pay for the work, this period would seem to be the place in which to supply a general list of the subjects which are to be found on the walls of All Saints.

Therefore to sum up the entire list, we will begin with the Western wall, finding there the six days of creation, i.e.

Light from Darkness.

The Sea.

The trees.

Lights.

Birds.

Man.

On the North wall looking east :

St. Agnes.

St. Swithin.

St. Giles.

St. George.

St. Crispin and St. Paul.

St. Peter and St. Francis.

St. Maurice-Anselm.

The Venerable Bede, and St. Columba.

Beneath each pair we find a biblical picture representing in turn, The Garden of Eden, The Toil, Abraham, Moses and Isaiah.

On the East wall above the arch, our Lord, with the four Evangelists.

Then on the South wall from west to east, in the upper row are St. Anne, St. Catherine, St. Margaret and Innocence; the Holy Innocents, St. Aidan, St. Hilda and St. John, St. Stephen and St. Edmund, St. Oswald and last, but by no means least, the great St. Augustine, who brought us Christianity.

In June, 1904, Mr. Stewart wrote in the magazine, deploring the fashion of restlessness so prevalent among the upper classes.

The crowding of the golf-courses and the river on Sundays, and in consequence the neglect of church going, he considered to be threatening the welfare of the next generation, for he added "they will be unable to have those hallowed memories of worship, and associations of Sunday in the home, which we have found so helpful."

What would he say if here to-day; one wonders.

But indeed, this must have been one of Mr. Stewart's last sermons in All Saints Church, for by August, he was appointed Archdeacon of Bristol, being succeeded by a man whose name is on everyone's lips to-day, William Ralph Inge, the late Dean of St. Paul's.

CHAPTER XI

“ Mr. Inge ” comes to All Saints. His Honours and Appointments. A Testimonial for Archdeacon Stewart. Addresses, Plate, and a Purse. Mr. Inge starts cautiously. He receives Honour at Aberdeen University. Writes on “ Power.” Two All Saints Nonagenarians Die. Mr. Russell’s Beautiful Memorials. Mrs. Huth Jackson’s Promise. Dr. Inge recites “ Bricks without Straw.” Mr. Percy French. Priscilla Countess Annesley. Archdeacon Stewart disappoints his Friends. Dr. and Mrs. Inge leave for America. Alec Couper a good Secretary to the Cricket Club. A Glance Round. Church Parade. Stanhope Gate. Achilles Statue. People carrying Prayer Books. Lovely Girls and Frocks. Men in London Full Dress, with Button-holes. Ascot Sunday. Queen Alexandra. Scarlet Liveries. High-stepping Bay Horses. Lord de Ros’ Stories. A Link with Waterloo. Equerry to the Prince Consort. Prince Friedrich Karl. Liverpool Docks. “ Beauty in Distress.” The Prince admires Royal Liveries. “ Dearest Captain.” A Strip of Paper. Prince Consort Slighted. His Fine Nature. “ Characteristic of the Man.”

“ **M**R. INGE ” has held many ■ varied and exalted position since those days. It is perhaps of interest to readers to give particulars of his career. He was born in the year 1860, the eldest son of the Rev. William Inge, D.D.

His honours include the K.C.V.O. ; D.D. CANTAB, OXON ; LL.D. (honorary) Sheffield ; D.D. Aberdeen University. He became Provost of Worcester College, Oxon, and married in 1905, Mary C., daughter of the Ven. Henry Maxwell Spooner, Archdeacon of Maidstone. His appointments have been as follows :

Fellow Jesus College, Cambridge	. 1907
„ King’s College, Cambridge	. 1886–1888

Assistant Master, Eton	. . .	1884-1888
Fellow and Tutor Hertford College, Oxon	1888-1904
Select preacher Oxon	1893-1905
„ „	1903-1905
„ „	1920
„ „ Cambridge	1901-1902 -1906-1920
Lady Margaret, Professor of Divinity, Camb	1907-1911
(and what specially appeal to us as parishioners)		
Vicar of All Saints,	1904-1907

He became Dean of St. Paul's in 1911, and remained there until his recent retirement.

He also acts as Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery.

In January, 1905, it was decided to ask the parishioners to subscribe, with a view to presenting Mr. Ravenscroft Stewart a suitable token of their affection and esteem.

Two hundred and sixteen subscriptions were received, and an illuminated address was prepared, written on vellum, besides a handsome silver tea kettle and caddy.

Mr. Cecil Russell made the presentation, and Archdeacon Stewart responded with a touching farewell speech.

A framed and illustrated address was also given to the departing Vicar, by the Organist, Choir Master and Choir.

In addition to all this, a piece of plate and a purse of money were offered for the Archdeacon's acceptance, on January 13th, at 20 Ennismore Gardens, Lord Halsbury speaking in feeling terms of regret at his departure. The Archdeacon attended all the Christmas festivities, and said good-bye to each individually. He must have been a difficult man for his successor to follow in the care of All Saints.

Mr. Inge began cautiously, by consulting his parishioners about the hour of evening service, and asking for expressions of their opinion.

On April 6th he left London to receive at Aberdeen University the honour of Doctor of Divinity. In his first letter to his new flock, he expressed thanks for their kindly welcome, and in June, spoke seriously on the subject of Sunday observance, warning them that "complete secularization would be a national misfortune." In July he wrote on the subject of "Power," and said "that it was by feeling the presence of God in their lives by prayer, by reading His Holy Word, and by devout and regular attendance at Holy Communion that they would obtain the one thing they needed, which was Power."

On September 27th, 1905, the oldest of All Saints parishioners died, and soon another nonagenarian, Mrs. Maxwell, also passed away, while two months later, Mrs. Cecil Russell died, at 44 Ennismore Gardens, who is spoken of as "a most kind friend to the poor, and beloved by all who knew her."

In memory of his wife, Mr. Russell presented a beautiful cross and candlesticks to the Church for Altar use. The cross measures three feet six inches in height, and is in Celtic style. It represents the Tree of Life, with roots entwining the Anchor of Faith, rising to the Circle of Eternity, and bears the following words :

"Watchman, what of the Night?" and the answer :

"The Morning cometh."

It also encloses the "Cross of Hope," and the "Heart of Charity." This is symbolized by a pelican, "self-sacrifice," as she plucks the down from her own breast, that her young may be nourished by her blood. "Peace" is represented by a dove, bearing an olive branch, and "Eternity of the Spirit," by stars in the firmament on outstretched arms of the Cross, so indicating the spreading of all these virtues by the Christian Faith.

The candlesticks measure thirteen inches in height, and are also in the Tree of Life design.

Small medallions suggest the beginning of Life ; flowers the fullness ; the butterfly, the Resurrection.

Vesper lights were given by Mrs. Huth Jackson, who also promised five shillings weekly to provide Altar flowers.

At ■ concert, organized by the Communicants' Guild Dr. Inge recited a humorous piece called " Bricks without Straw," while Mrs. Hinde accompanied songs on the piano.

Dr. Inge's monologue described the difficulties encountered by an unfortunate lecturer, who discovers, all too late, that by some oversight, he has been supplied with the wrong lantern slides.

Amongst other performers that evening was the celebrated Percy French, brother-in-law to the Edwardian beauty, Priscilla Countess Annesley ; his songs were always received with much applause and amusement, also his wonderful chalk drawings, and recitation, called " The Lion Story."

It was a great disappointment when Archdeacon Stewart's serious illness prevented his expected visit to his old parish in March, 1906, and about that time, a curious discovery was made with regard to the new organ.

It appeared that some stops had been included in it, which had never been ordered, so were entirely the mistake of the builders, costing the considerable sum of £80. However as they were useful, and already there, they were allowed to remain, an appeal for help being issued, which was responded to by the time September was reached ; new and brighter curtains were also then obtained to drape the East end wall of the Church.

In September, 1906, the Vicar and Mrs. Inge left England for a visit to the United States, and did not return until the following November ; the cricket season had proved a successful one, and the Club was free from

debt, which was much to the credit of Alec Couper, the secretary.

While Dr. and Mrs. Inge are away in America, let us take a look round, and see what the Park looked like then on a Sunday morning, or a weekday afternoon. No one would believe the change which has come over the scene. Then, what was called Church Parade, took place regularly every Sunday morning, all the "rank, beauty and fashion" of London gathering between Stanhope Gate and the Achilles Statue. Many carried their prayer-books, a sight seldom now seen, as such literature is usually provided for the few who do attend service on Sunday mornings.

Beautiful girls with their own unaided complexions, dressed in the latest mode, met their partners of the previous week, and, accompanied by their parents or chaperons, sat beneath the leafy shade, or slowly promenaded hither and thither. The men were invariably dressed in black suits, top hats were of course *de rigueur*, while button-holes of rosebuds, tuberose, or gardenias, completed the picture.

Ascot Sunday was the climax of such charming parades, when the very latest and most exquisite vagaries of fashion would be displayed. In the season, on a weekday, by 5.30 p.m. the Park would be full again, and a not uncommon sight, which always gave great pleasure, was when Queen Alexandra (accompanied by her daughters and Miss Charlotte Knollys) drove past; she, seated very high in her carriage, her graceful, charming appearance delighting onlookers, every lady bowing, and men removing their hats, as she drove rapidly by. The scarlet royal liveries added to the beauty of the scene, not to speak of the magnificent high-stepping bay horses which drew her carriage along.

Thinking of the Royal liveries calls to mind two or three amusing stories I was told by the late Lord de Ros, many years ago now, when staying together in a country house, he took me in to dinner.

Dudley Charles, Lord de Ros, was the premier Baron of England, he was born in the year 1827, and his mother had, in her youth, the distinction of being present at the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball, given on the eve of Waterloo in Brussels. It has always intrigued me to think that I have danced with a man whose mother was at that particular ball; I wonder how many there are now alive who possess such an interesting link with the past?

Lord de Ros held the great honour of being a Knight of St. Patrick, in addition to that of K.C.V.O., and he had acted as Equerry, when a very young man, to the Prince Consort, from 1858 until '61, when he was appointed Lord in waiting to Queen Victoria, '74 to '80, '85 to '86, '86 to '92.

He was of a very slight and active build, and even in his old age, not only a keen dancer, but also a wonderful skater, about which art he lent me a book to study. But I fear that hockey on the ice was too attractive, and the frost too fleeting for me to make any real advance in figure skating.

Now for his stories with regard to the doings of a German Prince and his admiration for our Royal liveries.

He told me that Prince Friedrich Karl, father of the late Duchess of Connaught, came over here to visit Queen Victoria, and he, and another young Guardsman, were told off to bear-lead him about and show him the sights. Amongst other places, they took him to see the Liverpool docks at midnight. There a drunken sailor was seen belabouring his wife, and before the young Guardsmen could prevent him, they saw, to their horror, the Prince throw himself into the fray, with the gallant intention of saving the lady from her assailant.

She, however, herself quickly solved the problem, for directly she had regained her footing, she rushed in fury at the Prince, who had so rashly ventured to interfere between her and her lawful lord and master.

It seemed that what struck the Prince's fancy most particularly was the scarlet liveries of the Royal coachmen.

No sooner had he returned to Germany, than he wrote to his English friend as follows :

“ DEAREST CAPTAIN,

“ I want you to get me an English coachman, and livery for him, just the same as Queen Victoria's men wear.

“ I enclose a strip of paper showing the height I wish him to be. Please get the man, and order the liveries, and have him photographed, and then send me the picture, and if I like it I will say ‘ send him on,’ and if I do not like him I will say, ‘ do not send him.’ ”

Needless to remark, the man was neither looked for, nor was the wished for photograph ever taken.

Lord de Ros also told me an interesting story, showing the fine character of the Prince Consort.

He said that of all the men he had ever known, he had never met one more “ upright and unselfish than he was.” On one occasion, they were riding in the Park and there saw an individual, also on horse-back, who had been dining on the previous evening at Buckingham Palace.

At that time there was a tendency to slight the Prince, (for it is, I believe, a well known fact that the Consort of a reigning Queen is often the subject of such unpleasant experiences), anyhow this man rode past, not taking the slightest notice of the Prince. Lord de Ros, furious at the insult, exclaimed : “ That was ———, Sir, he never noticed you.”

“ He probably did not recognize me,” was the Prince's answer, which Lord de Ros added, was just characteristic of the man, who invariably gave everyone else the benefit of the doubt.

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After a successful tour, Dr. and Mrs. Inge returned to London, and in the January following, we find the senior members of the Choir having supper at the

Vicarage, crackers containing paper caps pulled, and Dr. Inge himself so adorned, one of the merriest of the cheery party.

In 1906, Mr. H. Booth, who had for fifteen years acted as Decani Alto at All Saints, was obliged to resign on account of ill health.

In April, 1908, the Rev. Newsham Taylor left All Saints to become sixth-form master at Llandovery College. On leaving, he presented a handsome clock for use in the Clergy's Vestry.

He was succeeded by the Rev. R. C. Mugliston, who took a special interest in the Boys' Clubs.

Another All Saints curate, the Rev. A. E. N. Simms, is now the Vicar of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square.

In 1910, Mr. William Sweetman, Decani Bass, resigned his post after nineteen years of service with the Choir; indeed, the record of these singers in our Church is beyond all praise, and an incentive to those who shall come after to follow in their footsteps.

CHAPTER XII

Mrs. Inge. The Misses Hunt. "A Pleasant Reunion." Dr. Inge's Departure. His last Sermon as Vicar. "The Clergy Come and Go." "The Church remains." Miss Aldridge's Letter. "Church packed." "Large Collections." "Mr. Stewart no Scholar." "Good at getting Money." Dean Inge "so Learned we couldn't Understand Him." "Shutting People Up" Mr. Peile. His Engagement. Miss Skrine's Death. Buried in her Wedding-dress. The Albert Hall. The Pan-Anglican Congress. Black, White and Yellow. The Lord's Prayer. The Creed, and the Old Hundredth. What Changing Scenes. An Assault at Arms. Alfred Middleton. His Father's Purchase. "The Elijah." "The Messiah." Adelina Patti. Tettrazini and Clara Butt. The First Seven Divisions. The General Strike. Sir Austen Chamberlain. Worn and Anxious. Lady Iveagh Presiding. Two Minutes' Silent Prayer. A contrast. Boxing Matches. Wild Scenes of Revelry. The Albert Memorial. Watching Night and Day. "Albert 'All."

DURING Dr. Inge's cure of All Saints, Mrs. Inge was his constant and ready helper, and when the Misses Hunt resigned the charge of the mothers' meeting, which they had held for no less than forty years, these duties were taken over by Mrs. Inge.

A class for maid-servants was also started at the Vicarage, which was not to be called "a class," but "a pleasant reunion." However, All Saints was not for long to claim Dr. Inge as its Vicar, for in February, 1907, he announced his intending departure. He had, he said, been chosen as Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; Dr. Inge wrote happily of his sojourn in our Parish, calling it "the happiest chapter in his life." He had made a successful marriage, and found the joy of

fatherhood during those years, and he also acknowledged much loyal help received, both from clerical and lay sources.

He was leaving a full church with flourishing finances, indeed he finally sums up the situation with this happy phrase, "The lot had fallen to me in a fair ground."

He observed that it would be several months before he would finally leave the Parish, and that rumours about his successor were quite unfounded. However, on September 28th, 1907, Professor Inge, as we must now call him, preached his last sermon as Vicar of All Saints.

He made the announcement that a volume containing his sermons preached while there, was about to be published, the parishioners gave him an address, appreciating his work while in their midst, and the Bible-class presented Mrs. Inge with a handsome prayer-book and hymn-book.

In acknowledging these gifts, Mrs. Inge remarked naïvely that, "the Clergy come and go, but the Church does not leave."

Some months later a large framed portrait of Bishop Lightfoot was presented to Professor Inge by his friends at All Saints, the original of the picture having been one of his predecessors at Cambridge. Acknowledging the pleasure its possession gave him, he mentioned how glad he was to place it beside his representations of Bishop Foster and Erasmus, both of whom had been also his forerunners in Cambridge.

When Dr. Inge left, an address of regret, appreciation and congratulation, was sent to him from the Congregation, being signed by present and past Wardens of the Church, and also by the following parishioners :

Lords Halsbury, Hardwicke, Listowel, Ashcombe, Shuttleworth, Cheylesmore, and Llangattock.

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About this time a set of silver vessels for use in private

administration of the Holy Communion to the sick was presented by the Communicants' Guild.

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A good many years later, a letter was received by Canon Deane from Miss Aldridge, once a most regular worshipper in All Saints, but who had left London some seven years before to live in the country.

This letter, Miss Aldridge wrote, was to be kept discreetly anonymous, though permission to publish it in the Parish Magazine was given. Later in life, she withdrew this embargo; and it is really most amusing to read her criticisms and strictures on her former pastors.

She begins her letter by observing that it was seven years since her last visit to All Saints, and remarks that she was happy to note the improvement in numbers, adding that she herself had rarely missed a service when a parishioner.

She goes on to say that in Mr. Ravenscroft Stewart's time, "The church was packed, servants sitting in the galleries. Indeed," she continues, "if you noticed friends not in church, you concluded they must be ill, and went at once to enquire." She stated that before Holy Trinity Church in Prince Consort's Road was built, "Queen's Gate was in All Saints Parish, and there were some very poor houses in the lower end of Trevor Square." She spoke of the large collections received in All Saints, once after a sermon from the Bishop of London £1000 being the amount. Following this statement, she adds: "Mr. Stewart was very good at getting money," though she reflects, "he was not a scholar or even a very good preacher," indeed, she divertingly notes, "it was sometimes a relief when ■ stranger preached." Evidently though she had a sincere respect and affection for her former Vicar, as she adds, "though his sermons were dull,

he was very genial and popular, and everyone was sorry when he left." So much for Mr. Stewart.

Now for his successor.

"Mr. Inge was very different, he was so learned that we couldn't understand his sermons, though they were liked by a few; but they made no particular stir," she continues, "he never said any of the startling things he became famous for saying at St. Paul's, and most people thought them very dull." She passes over the discourses of two curates with the very brief comment: "I do not remember their sermons." She goes on to say that she found Mr. Inge, "Very shy, and I never got to know him personally," though as we have seen she was evidently much interested in observing his peculiarities, while she continues by mentioning the fact that "he was supposed to have a rather alarming way of shutting people up if he found them tiresome."

However to qualify all this criticism she adds: "I heard though, of his being extremely kind to some friends of mine, when they were in trouble." So we rejoice to find there were some redeeming qualities left after all to the credit of "The gloomy Dean."

We shall hear more of Miss Aldridge's letter later, but for the present, must return to the advent of Dr. Inge's successor at All Saints, the Rev. James Hamilton Francis Peile, who was appointed Vicar, November 3rd, 1907.

When acknowledging the kind reception he had received, Mr. Peile made the interesting announcement of his approaching marriage to Miss Skrine.¹ But three months later the sad news arrived that this would never take place, as Miss Skrine had suddenly died. The Vicar's grief was so intense, that his friends decided that

¹ Daughter of Rev. J. H. Skrine, Rector of Itchenstoke, Hants.

a short rest and change was imperative for his health, so off he went abroad for a few months, to recuperate.

A touching fact in connection with his loss was that the youthful bride-elect was buried, dressed in her wedding finery.

The poor bereaved Vicar writes to his sympathetic parishioners, acknowledging their help in enabling him, "by God's help to take up again under terribly changed conditions the work he had solemnly accepted the previous November." By May, Mr. Peile writes of "Looking back upon Easter with joy and thankfulness in spite of wintry weather and the growing habit" (amongst his parishioners) "of spending Easter out of London."

In February, 1908, a very important gathering took place at the Albert Hall, namely what was called The Pan-Anglican Congress. Representatives of our Church came from all over the world to attend it, All Saints, of course, being represented amongst London's many parishes.

As I had the good fortune to be present at this gathering, I am able to give a personal account. It was said that 8000 to 10,000 persons were present; certainly the Hall appeared to be full to its utmost capacity. Black, white and yellow races were represented, and fine addresses given, but, like Miss Aldridge, I fear I cannot recall any of the words of wisdom which doubtless fell from their lips. What did impress me most sincerely was when the whole assemblage sprang to their feet and repeated :

First, The Lord's Prayer ;

Next, The Apostles Creed ; and

Finally, sang in splendid unison, with slow measure, The Old Hundredth.

I have often thought of the extraordinary variety of scenes which that immense circular building has witnessed.

My own first visit was, when taken there in my extreme youth, to see what was then called "an assault at Arms" ;

really a very mild edition of what to-day we know as a Tattoo.

I remember how awed I was by the vastness of its interior, and how small my young cousin, Alfred Middleton, looked, as he took a prominent share in the activities of his Regiment, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. My excuse for mentioning him particularly by name is, that his father had, just before his death, purchased the ground upon which Bolney House now stands, with a view to building; the plans for the house were ready, but not a brick had been placed in position, when my Uncle died. His family had the expensive duty of paying £1000 to the Architect for his work, which was never destined to see the light.

The next Milestone in my memories of the Albert Hall is of the Pan-Anglican Congress, as already mentioned, many Concerts intervening. The glorious thunders of "The Elijah," the sweet beauty of "The Messiah," Patti singing with adorable charm; Tettrazini with bird-like velocity, and Clara Butt, in her deep organ tones, filling the entire building as she sang, "Abide with me." How wonderful it all was! and then I recall that most awe-inspiring day of all, when on December 15th, 1917, filled to overflowing with mourners, the King, two Queens and all the Royal family present, we sat in the Albert Hall,¹ to commemorate the wonderful doings of the First Seven Divisions in the Great War.

Yet another scene of remarkable interest, I witnessed inside those walls.

It was a Women's Political Meeting, held on the Saturday, three days previous to the General Strike. We had all endured coal strikes, railway and other strikes, but this was something of a different nature, a more searching question, requiring a solution.

Was the Nation to be dictated to by a section, or was

¹ See "Remembrance Wakes," by E. M. R.

Freedom, so dearly won, to be preserved? That was the problem facing us during the ten days in which the Strike continued. Sir Austen Chamberlain was billed the chief speaker at this Meeting; everyone expectant, knowing the importance of the occasion. He came in looking very worn and anxious, and told us that he would have given much to be able to abandon this speech. He delivered a short address, and then excused himself, saying he was due immediately to attend a Privy Council Meeting.

Lady Iveagh, who was presiding, directly Sir Austen had left, rose, and solemnly assuring us of the acute importance of passing events, begged us all to stand up, and for two minutes pray in silence for our Country in her trial.

One could, as the saying goes, "have heard a pin drop," during those two minutes, when so many thousands of women, with heads bowed, earnestly implored Heaven to bless and protect their beloved Country.

There were many stories told in those days; of Peers acting as policemen, undergraduates as dock labourers; volunteers as cab and 'bus drivers; one of my own sons joined the Flying Squadron at Scotland Yard, incidentally thoroughly enjoying the fun. But the most amusing of all was the tale of that amateur express-train driver, who, when congratulated on his good time in reaching Exeter, naïvely exclaimed: "But, man, I couldn't stop her."

Then let us picture some of the many other scenes which have been held within the Albert Hall. The boxing matches, tests of courage, pluck and endurance no doubt, but surely more suitable for men's attention than for the women who love to patronize them?

The magnificent Festival of Remembrance, organized by the British Legion, with its million poppy leaves falling each year in Commemoration of those who died.

The wild scenes of revelry at Fancy Dress balls; each and all being an expression, in its turn, of some phase in Life's strange Pageant, which this Hall has witnessed.

And then, just across the road, in Hyde Park, there sits the wise and great German Prince, in his too gaudy surroundings, watching by Night and Day the working out of his adopted Country's wonderful destiny.

Many will be found to condemn that elaborate memorial, but more would grieve to see it swept away, for it was erected to one, not only the ancestor of our own Royal Family, but also to a man whose honour and integrity of purpose remains for ever unquestioned.

An amusing story is told of a countryman up in London for a day to see the sights. Passing the Albert Memorial in a bus he enquired of a fellow passenger, "Who is that there chap?" "Oh, that's Albert 'All," was the prompt reply given.

CHAPTER XIII

Mr. Matthew Dobson Dies. Twenty Years a Member of All Saints. Mrs. Hinde's Labours. A Gift from Sir Charles and Lady Ryan. Canon Peile's Departure. All Saints Choir boys. Miss Aldrige's Criticisms. "A Monotonous Voice." "Not Easy to Listen to." King Edward Dies. Coronation of King George. A Dangerous Crowding in St. James's Park. Mr. Addis. Sympathy for Canon Deane. "Must have been a Shock." His induction. What All Saints Parish consists of. If all decided to come to Church? The Unknown Warrior. An Immense Appeal. Scene in the House of Commons. An Abbey of Cobwebs. A Red-letter Day.

IN January, 1909, the death is recorded of Mr. Matthew Dobson of 11 Kensington Gore, who gave such generous subscriptions to All Saints, in Archdeacon Stewart's day. For twenty years he had been a member of the congregation; the beautiful figure over the Chancel arch, and one window, were amongst his many gifts to the Church.

Speaking of Mrs. Hinde's unflagging zeal in her work, her imperturbable good humour, and her attention to details, Canon Peile concludes his magazine article with the words: "We are grateful to her."

Continuing the subject of the embellishment of the church in July, 1909, we find a handsome light standard of wrought iron was the gift of Sir Charles and Lady Ryan. But news of the Vicar's approaching departure was soon announced, he having been appointed Archdeacon of Warwick.

All Saints choir boys' fifteen-mile walk is commented on in December, 1909, J. Wells being the winner, having

accomplished the distance in 3 hours 8 minutes. H. Gill took 3 hours, $12\frac{3}{4}$ minutes and Rothwell 3 hours, 40 minutes, Elsey coming in fourth, taking 3 hours and 53 minutes to complete the distance.

Canon Peile writes that he was sorry to leave after so short a stay,¹ having received much kindness and consideration. Miss Aldridge, we read, had not found him entirely to her liking, for she describes him as "shy, worse even than Mr. Inge had been," and moreover, he had "such a monotonous voice, his sermons were not easy to listen to."

It was in the year 1910 that King Edward died at Buckingham Palace. He had not been in good health for some time, having had various seizures, one occurring at Berlin, during one of his visits to the Kaiser.

He was seated at dinner, next to Princess Pless, and her father, Colonel Cornwallis West, told me that her wonderful presence of mind in hastily loosening his collar had probably saved his life on that occasion.

The year following King George and Queen Mary were crowned with splendid ceremony at Westminster. We had been warned to be early in our seats at the Admiralty Arch, so 4 a.m. saw myself and my youngest son walk down the steps by the Duke of York's statue, to take our places, provided with packets of light luncheon. The day was beautiful, and crowds were gathering from every direction. The time passed quickly till the great moment when the Royal carriage, with all its panoply of State, was seen approaching. Both King and Queen looked very pale and serious as they passed us by; soon came the Royal carriage with the four children; this equipage being viewed with scarcely less interest than that of their Royal parents.

Princess Mary, with her coronet and veil, sat very erect, while the three boys looked roguish and mischievous,

¹ Three years.

she, as though a little anxious and conscious of her responsibilities as sister. When all had gone, we decided not to await their return, but, if possible, make our way across St. James's Park to the underground station.

The walk was confined by high boardings on either side, the police giving directions were soon busy.

It seemed that nearly everyone on the many stands had crowded into this one walk, and gradually, but surely, the congestion became alarming: "Keep calm" shouted the police: "Keep calm."

We were squashed together like herrings in a barrel, positively unable to move, or even to lift one's arms.

Some women fainted, the police extracting them with great difficulty; it was really very terrifying, as, if a panic had started, one might quite easily of course have been trampled to death. For two mortal hours we stood stock still, but at last the joyful order came to "move on slowly," and eventually the tension relaxed, leaving us free to proceed on our way. After my morning's experiences I declined to venture forth at night to see the wonderful illuminations, preferring to remain safely indoors.

We saw the Naval Review off Spithead from on board the great German liner, *George Washington*, a tender conveying us up and down the lines of the Fleet.

At night it was a brilliant spectacle, every ship fully illuminated, and, as we left the liner for Portsmouth, the passengers, chiefly German, hung out lights from every cabin window, to wish us God speed; a beautiful sight, and one not easily forgotten.

Rev. William Edward Addis appears to have been a rather unusual character. He began life as a Presbyterian, then became a Roman Catholic Priest, next, lecturer at a Unitarian College, and finally, when nearing seventy years of age, took orders in the Church of England. He was appointed Vicar of All Saints, June 2nd, 1910, and remained there for seven years. He was, as we

have said, then no longer young. Human and very kind, he was a martyr to insomnia. He used to walk about in the streets at night till three or four o'clock had struck. When it was suggested to him that an occasional nap during the day might help matters, he wearily replied as follows :

"My dear friend, I often feel terribly sleepy, but I cannot sleep."

The following appreciation of the Rev. William Addis appeared in *The Times*, written by Bishop Henson, then Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

"A lamentable street accident has terminated a career of varied interest and unusual distinction, and removed from a large circle of friends a man of singularly winning character. William Addis, of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, was one of those men whose very virtues militate against what the world calls success, who are sometimes described by worldly-wise folks as 'their own worst enemies' and who none the less leave on those who come within their personal influence, an indelible impression of moral eminence. Addis was one of that numerous class of able young Scotsmen whom Oxford unsettles in their inherited beliefs and inspires with larger visions, and (in most cases) with grander ambitions. But Addis had no ambition, none of that triumphant faculty which has been called the 'Scots genius of success,' only an active and insistent intellect, a thirst for knowledge, and a passionate sincerity. His practical defect was a precipitate honesty, which prostrated him before whatever conquered his conscience and seemed to conquer his reason. Hence the rapid movement from his ancestral Presbyterianism into the more ancient and imposing communion of Rome. Hence also the growing distress of the devoted Roman Priest, his sudden breakaway into Unitarianism and then after the force of reaction had spent itself, his deliberate return to orthodox Christianity in the fellowship of the Church of England.

“ My personal knowledge of him covered only the last ten years of his life, though, of course, I had long known his reputation as a learned student and the author of books of standard merit. His rare distinction of mind, his rich stores of knowledge, his touching humility, his entire absence of that bitterness which commonly marks the man who strays so far outside conventional bounds of system and Church, drew me to him, and I conceived a regard for him different in kind from that which I felt for any of my contemporaries. ‘ He was more nearly what I imagine a Saint might be than any other good man of my acquaintance.’

“ I rejoiced therefore when the opportunity came to me as Patron of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, to be the means of bringing him into the ranks of the fully accredited teachers of the Church of England. His advanced age, perhaps, made the appointment fairly open to criticism, but this defect was more than compensated for by his exceptional qualities of head and heart. Assuredly there were not lacking in his congregation those who perceived his rare merit and who realised that they had in their Vicar, an unusual combination of the student, the Christian gentleman and the Spiritual Guide. They rewarded his ministry with a full measure of confidence and affection.”

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It is entertaining to read of Miss Aldridge's sympathy expressed to Canon Deane, when she hears of his appointment as Vicar to All Saints.

She told him of having been present at The Priory Church at Malvern, when he was preaching there to huge congregations, and she suggests that it must have been “ a shock to him ” to come from there to All Saints. However, as Canon Deane amusingly comments, he had spent four years at Hampstead between times, which should have helped to lessen the blow.

It was on January 1st, 1917, that Canon Anthony Charles Deane was inducted to All Saints Church, where

he was destined to remain until 1930, and it is his diligent research and his accurate log book which we have to thank for much of the information which it has been possible to give in this volume.

He was instituted by the Bishop of Kensington and the Archdeacon of Middlesex; Canon Carnegie, Patron of the Living, being also present, and a congregation of about thirty people.

As many persons seem to be unaware of what All Saints Parish consists, it may not be out of place to accurately define its limits:

Princes Gate, Nos. 1-63.

Alford House, Kingston House and the three Foreign Diplomacy Headquarters.

Princes Gate Mews, North side.

All Princes and Ennismore Gardens.

Bolney and Moncorvo Houses, Ennismore Mews and Street. All Rutland Gate, including Eresby and Park Houses and the Mews.

Rutland Court and House, Rutland Gardens and Mews, Montpelier Square, Place and Row, Nos. 1-14.

Montpelier Street, Nos. 13-27.

Montpelier Street, Nos. 20-44.

Knightsbridge, Nos. 95-119.

Park Mansions; also the Arcade.

Hyde Park Chambers.

Knightsbridge Palace Hotel.

Royal Park Hotel.

Albert Gate Mansions.

United Berkeley Club.

South Lodge.

Kent House.

Knightsbridge, Nos. 60-124.

Hyde Park Hotel.

Mills Buildings.

Park Row.

Wellington Court.

Park Place.

Albert Gate Court.

Brompton Road, Nos. 2-22.

Knightsbridge Green.

Raphael Street.

Lancelot Place.

Charles Street.

Trevor Square.

Hill Street.

Montpelier Terrace and Mews, excepting South side.

Sterling Street, and Relton Mews, Nos. 6 and 7.

Hyde Park Lodges, and Knightsbridge Barracks.

So the field is a pretty extensive one, and it has been said that only one in four of the Parishioners could possibly find a seat in the church, should they all suddenly decide one Sunday morning to attend its service ; this idea gives one food for thought.

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I well remember the day on which the Unknown Warrior was laid to his rest in the Abbey. In the morning I had seen the simple gun-carriage, with its unknown burden, pass along Hyde Park Corner, on its way to Westminster from Victoria Station.

Representatives of the Navy and all regiments, besides units of every branch, passing in its wake, through the great silent crowds, which stood with heads uncovered to receive it. So many had suffered bereavement amongst them, and knew not but the body might possibly be that of their very own loved one ; it made, on this account, an immense appeal to the feelings of most of the spectators.

That evening, I, with my sister, was in the House of Commons, to hear the third reading of the Home Rule Bill for Ireland.

A hush of unusual solemnity hung over that Assembly, as each of the greater politicians of the day rose in his turn, to speak of the remarkable scene which had been enacted that morning, just across the way in the Abbey.

As we left the House, about 11 p.m., I suggested going into the Abbey to see the grave.

"Quite impossible," my sister replied, "the crowds are sure to be awful."

We asked a policeman, and to our surprise he replied : "Plenty of room, you can get in easily," so, by the South door we entered.

The sight I shall never forget.

Of course we were feeling rather keyed up, with the day's experiences, but it really seemed to me as if those vast grey arches above our heads had softened into the flimsiness of cobwebs. The only lights were the candles round the grave, and possibly on the Altar, indeed it was very nearly dark, as we passed along, two by two, turning to the right at the Choir, and thus gaining the Western Nave, while the organ rolled out softly a solemn Requiem for the Departed. On the newly made grave lay two huge wreaths ; one from his Majesty the King, the other from the President of the French Republic. Only a moment's pause was permitted, and then the order "Move on" . . . so we left the new-made Hero, so highly honoured though unknown, to rest for ever in glory, among the greatest of his Country's famous men.

A few years later, I accompanied a large party of women, from our village in Wiltshire, who wished to see the Abbey at Westminster, under my guidance ; I spoke to them of Poets, Kings and Queens, told them of great politicians and statesmen whose monuments crowd the walls and floor. But though they listened with polite attention to my remarks, I knew that the spot they all wished to see far beyond all else, was where lay all that was mortal of the Unknown Warrior. How many, among those bereaved, knew naught of the place or manner of their loved one's passing, so who could deny that that which lay beneath might not chance to be him indeed for whom they mourned so sadly ?

CHAPTER XIV

Gathering up the Threads. Our Organist's Marriage. Choir Outings. Some Pathetic Stories. A Boy is Killed on the Ice. David Sterritt. "A Cheerful Soul." Home Wounded. "Reported Missing." "A British Soldier, known to God." Boys come distances to Sing; Apologies. Promises of Amendment. Boyish Pranks and Human Hearts. Mr. Sanders' War Service. The old Organ gives up. A Miserable Groan. Descant Singing. Mr. L. J. Brown. His invaluable Help. St. Paul's and the Abbey. Mrs. Hinde's Record. Devotion and Unselfishness. An Adventure at Beachy Head. The Llangattock Family. One Dies Flying. Another falls in France. The old Lady left alone, after Lord Llangattock's Death.

BEFORE passing on to the years in which Canon Deane was Vicar at All Saints, let us glance back and gather up some threads of our story which are still remaining to be told, previous to his arrival.

A pleasant incident to recall is that Mr. Sanders' marriage,¹ in the Parish Church at Clapham, was performed by Mr. Ravenscroft Stewart, and that on his father's death one of the All Saints curates, Mr. Simms, also asked to be allowed to officiate, which must have been gratifying, showing as it did, the esteem in which our organist was held at All Saints.

In those early days the usual Choir outings took place at various seaside resorts, sometimes shoes and stockings were lost permanently, and sometimes bags, temporarily. Some pathetic stories are told in connection with these choir boys by Mr. Sanders.

There was one of eleven years of age, who, (as a

¹ April 18th, 1900.

selection had to be made owing to the large numbers wishing to join), was refused admission.

The poor boy, much disappointed, begged hard to be allowed to come. Indeed, so persistent was he, that the decision was reversed, but sad to say, after his very first service, on his way home, he slipped and fell on some frozen steps, fatally injuring himself. Mr. Sanders' feelings were mixed, and very regretful, for though glad that the poor boy had not been disappointed in his desire to remain in the Choir, he felt that, had he refused to receive him, he might not have met with this unfortunate accident, and so lost his life.

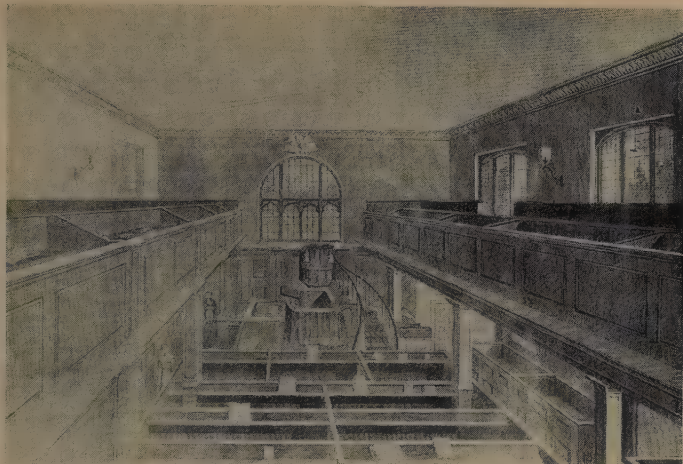
Of course, as is natural, many of the older All Saints Choir boys gave their lives during the Great War. One, David Sterritt by name, is described "as ■ most cheerful soul." Coming home slightly wounded from France, he spent the evening with Mr. Sanders, talking quite happily of his early return to duty.

Soon after, he did so—and then just vanished—"reported missing"—perchance if his body did ever happen to be found, it may, with many others, now own a cross upon its grave, with this simple but noble inscription: "A British soldier, known to God." I have seen such in France.

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Some of the Choir at All Saints come from long distances to sing, even as far away as Northwood and Sidcup, but they are punctual and regular in their attendance. If one is absent, it is found to be from the cause of illness; rarely has there been any other reason given for non-attendance.

Some amusing letters would sometimes be received, containing quite spontaneous apologies, such as, "You did quite right to expel me, it has taught me a great lesson." Another wrote, "I promise to behave myself more decently, and I have decided to turn over a new



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHAPEL AT BROMPTON, 1789.

From a drawing by W. J. Smith, Esq.

W. J. Smith, Esq.



Capella Sanctæ Trinitatis
Individuæ Trinitatis

KNIGHTSBRIDGE
CHURCH.
1789.

Capella Sanctæ Trinitatis
Catholice in London.
Anne Dom
1789.

OLD BROMPTON CHAPEL—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR

leaf." A third, "I am sorry that I was out of temper and acted without thought." Yet another, "I am very displeased with the way I have been carrying on, I also mean to improve in my singing." One wrote, "I am very sorry I spoke rudely, but I hope to beg your pardon." And lastly, "Kindly excuse my going home, it was a sudden impulse of my hasty temper." It is curious to think that now the boys from whose letters we have quoted are either grown men themselves, with perhaps sons of their own, or else possibly have laid down their brief lives on the greatest of all battle-fields. But how fortunate for them, whatever their fate, to have come early under the influence of a man, so understanding of their boyish pranks and tender human hearts.

Mr. Sanders acted as a special constable during the War, and in 1918, spent three months at Hillingdon with the Royal Air Force.

Writing of Mr. Sanders makes one think of the organ of those days, which was growing old, and quite past its work.

One Sunday morning indeed it ended a long career, by bursting its bellows during the singing of a hymn, the sound dying out with a most miserable expiring groan.

The new organ, about which we have already heard, must have proved a great boon to the Organist, also the fact that no longer would a blower be required, who might be found to be either smoking in the Churchyard, or else have fallen off his stool asleep, during the sermon.

Descant singing was introduced into All Saints about this time. This was originally an attempt in the days of Plain Song to vary its monotony by causing the tune, as it is termed, to be sung lustily by the congregation, while the Choir mounts into higher regions, rendering various harmonies.

Some people find it difficult to adhere to the air of a hymn while the choir is taking such flights of fancy, but if the tune is really steadily sung, the effect produced may be very pleasing.

Mr. L. J. Brown joined All Saints choir in the year 1898, and has been a faithful and devoted assistant all through these years, taking Mr. Sanders' place at the organ during his annual vacations, and having been quite invaluable in helping with the choir boys, not only in church, but also by taking them out for country walks, and conducting them when invited to take special parts in St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey.

A choir boy's time of efficiency soon passes, but the experience takes place during a very susceptible period, when impressions mark themselves with great distinctness on the memory. It is therefore a matter of interest to follow up the careers of some boys who, having first sung in All Saints choir, went out into the great world, and there made good.

There was James Woolaway, who in April, 1911, left the choir and his native land, accompanying his parents to a far-distant home in the Pacific Ocean, the island of Honolulu. All who have visited this island, speak of its rare loveliness, the brilliance of its flowers, and excellence of the climate, so no doubt the All Saints choir boy was much pleased with his new surroundings. His parents found a good high school where he could continue his studies, and not long afterwards, the local Press advertised, offering a substantial prize, which was open to all scholars then living on the island, for the best essay on their American hero, George Washington. Each attempt was to be sent in under the disguise of a pseudonym, which was to be announced before the real name of the winner, contained in an accompanying envelope, should be disclosed. All Saints had, it would appear, rather a leaning towards successful essay writers, for readers will recall the fact that our first Vicar's memorial at Cambridge University was the inception of an annual essay to be competed for there by students. Anyhow, Jemmy Woolaway was quite determined to do his best, little

dreaming that in the far-distant future, twenty-three years later, the fact of his success would be inscribed among the annals of his former parish.

So Jemmy tried his hardest, and succeeded beyond his wildest hopes, the British boy beating all the Americans in his study of their hero Washington. It is said that the inexpressible annoyance of the local Big Wigs at such a result can better be imagined than described.

Jemmy Woolaway grew up, married, and has prospered finely ; he has now become a citizen of the United States, so should a son of his ever succeed in defeating the youth of Honolulu in essay writing, they at least will not be able to find fault with his nationality. We, in All Saints Parish to-day, wish him good luck and God speed.

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On July 13th, 1908, an outing to Eastbourne was planned for All Saints choir, and the party started in their usual high spirits, accompanied by Mr. L. J. Brown.

His story of this day's happenings is of such human interest, telling also of so wonderful an intervention of Providence, that I prefer to place it before my readers in his own words which follow :

“ The choir had their annual outing to Eastbourne, and the morning was spent there in the usual beach enjoyments.

“ After the midday meal I (L. J. Brown), with five of the older boys, Bert Mitchell, George Shephard, William Gascoyne, Robert Mitchell and John Wells, set out for Beachy Head and the lighthouse, the tide being favourable for us to visit it. The distance is between three and four miles, the first mile or so being comfortable walking along the Promenade. So far as Cow Gap, one can go via the Downs, and there descend to the foreshore for the remaining mile, or the foreshore route can be used all the way from the end of the Promenade. We chose the foreshore. It is rough going, consisting of rock, boulders, pebbles,

shingle with occasional stretches of smooth sand. Under the chalk cliffs where, in view of possible falls, it is dangerous to walk, are banks of large flints. The journey was duly made, the lighthouse reached, and climbed, and the workings thereof explained by the most obliging keeper and his assistant.

“Leaving the lighthouse, I found we had a little time to spare, so we continued our stroll westward along the foreshore, now at low tide, from two to three hundred yards in breadth between the sea and the tremendous chalk cliffs of the headland at Beachy Head.

“Boy-like, whilst I was walking with and talking to the Mitchells and Shephard, Gascoyne and Wells ran on ahead. There was no reason to anticipate any trouble, and I paid no particular attention to them until, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the lighthouse, I noticed that the two had worked their way over the rocks and pebbles to the base of the cliffs, and had actually climbed a talus of chalk debris, and were standing on the top of it, close against the sheer cliff, some thirty feet above the foreshore, flint, pebble and bank at the base. Just then Gascoyne began to descend. Recognizing the danger on this steeply sloping mound of treacherous chalk, boulders and rubble, I called out to the boys, as loudly as I was able, to be careful, but they were too far off to hear the warning. A few moments later, I saw a little chalk dust rising from the mound, as Wells commenced to descend, with Gascoyne then about ten feet below him. Again I shouted my hardest to them to stand still. Too late! The next second an avalanche of chalk (I afterwards estimated that at least two tons must have fallen) rushed down the talus, and a cloud of white dust arose, hiding everything from sight. At the first slight fall, I, and the three boys with me, started running as fast as we could, over the two hundred yards of rock and stones separating us from the others. After the main fall I feared the worst, and as the dust cleared, there was but one boy to be seen—Wells,

standing trembling at the top of the mound. Reaching the base, I called to Wells to remain perfectly still where he was. He was much too frightened to do anything else and, climbing carefully about twelve feet up the mound, I found Gascoyne. The boy was half buried in chalk, in fact so white was he, that only trickles of blood on his face and one hand which were uncovered showed me where he was lying.

"Between us we removed the chalk rubble on and surrounding Gascoyne, as quickly as possible, but an attempt to move the boy resulted in screams of agony. It was indeed a miracle that he was conscious, and had not been struck on the head ; nor had he, as we afterwards found, any bones broken. He was, of course, badly bruised, but the worst injury was to one hand, the ligaments of several fingers being very badly torn, and the fingers twisted completely out of shape. The first requirement was water, and I sent one of the boys to the lighthouse, and the lighthouse-keeper himself came over with it, but could offer no solution of the problem as to how the boy could be got back to Eastbourne.

"The position was truly desperate, the sea on one hand, beetling unscaleable cliffs for a mile and a half in each direction, (to Birling Gap westward and Cow Gap eastward), on the other, a very rugged foreshore, and an apparently badly injured boy. What could we do ?

"After a while we succeeded with considerable moaning on the part of Gascoyne, in getting him down to the flint bank, but an attempt to carry him was at once checked by his piercing cries.

"Wells too, afraid to move a foot, I had had to fetch from the top of the talus.

"And then the second Providential intervention of the afternoon occurred. Coming along the foreshore from the direction of Birling Gap were two young men wheeling cycles. Never before or since have I seen a cycle on this rugged range of shore, but this afternoon, these young

fellows had been prompted to attempt to cycle round the headland, evidently thinking to find sufficient hard sand to enable them to ride comfortably into Eastbourne. Already they had found themselves mistaken, but had not retreated. I knew that Gascoyne possessed a cycle, and it occurred to me that if we could set him on one of the machines, he would be able to sit easily thereon, and we could wheel him over the sand (where such could be found), and over the smoothest of the rock and pebbles, with much more comfort than if carried. So the cyclists were appealed to, and after some trouble and groaning from the injured boy, we managed to seat him on one of the machines, and with one of us on each side of it, we held him on, and wheeled the machine very carefully to Cow Gap; then up on to the easier Downs path, and finally into Eastbourne, where Gascoyne's injuries were so well attended to, that he was able to return with the party to London the same night."

It was truly a wonderful escape from a terrible death, and Mr. Brown's nerve and resource in so critical a situation is noteworthy. We must remember also that the tide must have been rapidly rising, and this would be an added terror to combat, though with the lighthouse near, a boat could probably have been summoned to come to their rescue. Still, as we all know, "time and tide wait for no man," and soon the waves would be dashing against the sheer cliff of Beachy Head, covering sand, shingle, pebbles and foreshore with heaving water and curling foam.

Another All Saints choir boy who emigrated was one Spencer Bayles, who sang treble in the early years of this century.

His parents had received such glowing accounts of the joys of colonial life from a relation in Canada, that his father, almost at a moment's notice, decided to abandon

his work at a London store, and left with his entire family for the Far West.

But disenchantment met them, for, on arrival, they found themselves allotted to a wooden hut situated on a remote corner of the huge farm, which they found very different to their expectations, while at night their slumbers were disturbed by the howling of hungry wolves around their dwelling. One feels certain that many times they must have wished themselves safely back again in London, but let us hope that things improved with time and that they are now well, prosperous and happy in their distant home.

It has ever been sought to encourage All Saints choir boys to take plenty of healthy exercise, and in both summer and winter several boys have always devoted suitable Saturdays to rambles in country districts, favourite goals being Ivinghoe, Beacon, Box Hill, West Wycombe, Epping Forest, Littleworth Common, etc.

With regular practice the boys' pedestrianism has become very good, of which the following are a selection of one-day achievements.

Our friend William Gascoyne, of Beachy Head fame, on July 27th, 1906, at the age of thirteen, walked from Great Yarmouth to Mundesley, thirty miles, while John Wells (who also faced danger in the falling cliff at Beachy Head), on January 18th, 1908, did thirty-three miles from Northampton to Quainton.

The following year John Wells, aged fourteen, walked from Quainton to Banbury and Verney Junction and back to Quainton, a distance of thirty-seven and a half miles.

Gordon Gould, aged fourteen, on Boxing Day, 1913, did thirty-three miles, walking from Sudbury to Aylesbury, while on August 2nd, 1921, Leslie Garner, aged fifteen, started from Epsom, and going by Leith Hill, Holmbury, Effingham and Ashted to Dorking, completed thirty-four miles.

Leslie Garner has another good walk to his credit, for

during the previous year, on May 25th, 1920, he had done the thirty miles from Esher to Hazelmere.

The most recent record I have received is of Leonard Gantlett's performance, when only twelve years of age. On December 27th, 1923, he walked from Salisbury to Bath, a distance of thirty-eight and a half miles.

The Westminster Abbey Special Choir was formed in the autumn of 1919 by Mr. (now Dr.) Sydney Nicholson, the then Organist and Master of the Choristers of the Abbey. Leslie Garner, the leading boy at All Saints, and Mr. L. J. Brown were accepted for the choir, and the latter has sung at every recital (generally three per annum), which has been given from that time to the present. Members of the special choir have deputised to a considerable extent at the Abbey's ordinary services, and on February 29th, 1920, at Evensong, Garner had the honour of taking part in a quartette. Since the inception of the Special Choir, All Saints has always been represented by one or more boys (at one time as many as six), and thus numbers of All Saints trebles have become acquainted with Bach's great work, the "St. Matthew Passion," which has been rendered each Lent in the Abbey.

The All Saints contingent sang at the opening of Wembley Exhibition in 1924 and 1925, and formed a part of the processional choir at the Empire Thanksgiving Service at the Stadium, in each of those years.

From 1928, with the "Gentlemen and Children of the Chapel Royal," All Saints choristers, members of the Abbey special choir, have sung each year at the Cenotaph Service on Armistice Day, and with the Abbey regular choir, at the British Legion Cenotaph Service on Whit-Sunday.

The London Church Choir Association holds an annual Festival in St. Paul's Cathedral in the month of November, and for very many years a contingent (boys and men) from All Saints has sung at this Festival, and Dr. Inge (November 23rd, 1918) and Canon A. C. Deane (Novem-

ber 15th, 1934) preached the sermon there. Incidentally, on the latter date, Mr. L. J. Brown was singing at his forty-first consecutive Festival of the Association, having been a member of the Cathedral Special Service Choir since 1898, a long record.

Showing that the musical education received under Mr. Sanders' supervision did not interfere with the secular progress of choir boys, we find that two of them, Leslie Garner and Stanley Jefferson, matriculated during their term of service in the Church.

In 1911 a beautiful memorial was erected in the church, to the memory of Mr. Walter Wilson, born 1839, died 1908. This consisted of three spaces, one behind and one on either side of the altar, where previously a curtain had hung.

These spaces were filled thus :

(1) In the centre, by an inlaid panel, consisting of an oval in lapis lazuli, with a grape vine in Mexican onyx on a ground of polished marble.

(2) On the right side, a carving in white marble of a pietà.

(3) On the left, the Annunciation, the scheme being the work of Mr. Derwent Wood, A.R.A.

It is worthy of note that in May, 1911, an All Saints Branch of the Church Nursing and Ambulance Brigade was formed, which took a road march and tram journey to Uxbridge soon afterwards. Eight members of the brigade assisted in the Green Park and at Constitution Hill, when King Edward's postponed Coronation took place, later that summer.

In December, 1912, Mr. A. J. Watts, who had held the post of schoolmaster in former days, and subsequently that of verger in the church, retired on account of serious ill-health, his connection with the church having covered nearly forty-eight years.

Mr. R. C. Hinde was appointed to the vacant post.

Of Mrs. Hinde's church services, I feel it is hardly necessary to speak, so well known to all as they must be. Her record dates from 1895, and there could not have been found a church-worker who would be more devoted and unselfish in the cause than she has been. Her self-sacrifice had indeed amounted almost to a fault, for her own health has suffered from neglect of her own comfort in order that she might be generous to other people.

Lord Llangattock and his family had sittings in All Saints, some five rows back, in front of the reading-desk. One by one the family passed away, one son, Mr. C. S. Rolls, owing to a flying accident in the early days at Bournemouth ; while the elder son, Mr. J. M. Rolls, fell in the Great War. As time went on the poor old lady also lost her husband, so was left at last to come to church quite alone, until she, too, also passed away.

CHAPTER XV

The Great War. Lodi the Spy. A Generation Wiped Out. An Air Raid during Matins. Dr. Inge's Sermon. Two at Evensong. A Shell on the Church. Allan Scott Balfour. Viscount Goschen. Armistice Day. Authors remembered. Peace Treaty at Versailles. Victory March through London. 126 V.A.D.s at All Saints. Mrs. Hinde's Presentation. Mrs. George Lockett's Gift. Girl Guides at All Saints. Princess Mary's Wedding. Mr. C. J. Sturdy. Mr. George Macmillan. Lady Emmott and Mrs. Hawkings. Miss Marsham. Mrs. Partington. Mrs. Mashiter. Rev. and Hon. E. V. R. Powys. Sir Robert Balfour. Lord Emmott. Lord Goschen. Gen. Sir H. Lawrence. Mr. Corbet-Milward. Congregations larger. Rents falling. A Congregational Chapel. Only Small Shopkeepers. The Enabling Bill. First Parochial Council, at 70 Ennismore Gardens. Fifteen Members. Mr. George Macmillan's Paper. Mr. George Lockett Dies. How Armistice Day should be kept. The Earl of Halsbury. Sir Ernest Pollock. The Alternative Prayer Book. Canon Deane's Objections. Bishop of Norwich's Letter. The Poor of All Saints. "Why so short a Stay," at All Saints?

A TRAGIC incident in the first year of the Great War was the execution in the Tower of London of Lodi, the German spy.

This man was convicted and had to pay the extreme penalty, but all who came in contact with him spoke of his bravery and dignity when he had to meet the final event. A yeoman warder told me that as the melancholy procession, headed by the Chaplain, was wending its way to the appointed corner, the latter, being deeply moved as he read the Burial Service, passed the turn leading to the spot, and Lodi, noting his mistake, touched him, and pointed out the way he should lead on.

Through the courtesy of Mrs Hastie, of 62 Ennismore Gardens, I am able to give my readers a letter written to her on November 10th, 1914, by her late husband, telling the sad story of the ultimate scene. He writes :

“ They have shot the German spy who was tried the other day.

He was shot at the Tower. They say he was a very gallant fellow, no traitor, but just a spy, who took his life in his hand.

When he was brought out to be shot they really did not know how to do it, he behaved so well.

So they proposed to put him sitting in a chair ; he doubted and objected. The officer in command of the firing-party then reminded him that Admiral Byng was shot in a chair on his own quarter-deck, and he said : ‘ I remember the incident,’ and at once agreed.

Then they proposed to bandage his eyes, and he objected ; they said :

‘ You are a brave man, and there is no need to bandage your eyes, but it makes it very hard for the firing-party.’

He said : ‘ I understand,’ and agreed to that.

Then he said to the other in command :

‘ Will you shake hands with a spy ? ’ He said : ‘ I will shake hands with a brave man,’ and so he did.

Two bullets went through his heart and the other six very near it.

CONSERVATIVE CLUB,
S.W.”

Much has been written about the four terrible years of war, so universal was the sorrow, and so stupendous the loss. One generation of young men of every class in the land, practically wiped out ; not to speak of the many thousands of mutilated, blinded, and broken in health, who are still left to suffer while life lasts.

It is for us a melancholy retrospect, but still is mingled with pride and thankfulness in that, when the hour of trial came, our men and women did not fail, however hard and bitter the task might be.

May God in His mercy preserve the world from another such calamity, and help the nations to find a way to live in peace with one another, not selfishly and cruelly, but in the spirit of kindness, true to the Christian ideal as taught in the Gospels.

I therefore do not propose to dwell much on the happenings of those years, but merely glancing through the Vicar's log-book, note events which particularly concerned All Saints during that time. The list of the Fallen will be given in an Appendix.

On July 7th, 1917, an air-raid is noted, as having taken place during Matins, also that a fortnight previously, Dr. Inge had been the preacher, when the collection totalled £200.

Warning of a raid so much alarmed people on August 2nd, that only two appeared at Evensong, while on September 29th, during an air-raid, part of a shell from one of our own guns crashed on to the church, and falling through, smashed the book-board in pew No. 81, but fortunately did no further damage.

On October 14th the first Harvest Festival held in All Saints for twenty years took place, which event concluded the happenings related of 1917.

On February 9th, 1918, a Memorial Service was held in memory of Alan Scott Balfour, R.F.C., who fell in action, January 13th.

At the Easter Vestry in 1918, Lord Goschen was elected a Sidesman.

Few people were in London, as a fear of air-raids and shortage of food kept many in their country places.

The year passed on, and at length we find the joyful record of November 11th, when at the eleventh hour of

the eleventh day of the eleventh month, an armistice was signed between the belligerents. A Thanksgiving Service was held that day, at 12.45, in All Saints.

On December 21st a special service of remembrance was held for authors, both men and women, who had given their lives that others might live. The Temple choir came to sing, under the directorship of Sir Walford Davies, on this memorable occasion, Mr. Edmund Gosse reading the lessons.

So closed the year 1918.

The next item of special interest recorded was that of the Peace Treaty, which was signed at Versailles on June 28th, 1919.

On July 19th, the Victory March through London took place, when All Saints was used as a resting-place for a detachment of 126 V.A.D.s, who were taking part in it.

January 10th, 1920, is remembered as the day in which Mrs. Hinde completed her twenty-five years of service at All Saints, as parish worker and vestry clerk; this was suitably acknowledged by gifts from the parishioners. A silver box with an inscription, and a book, containing the names of the donors, with the sum of £197, was presented for her acceptance.

On November 30th, Mrs. George Lockett announced her wish to present a beautiful organ case and screen, costing £500, in memory of her brother who had fallen in the war.

This is from the design of Mr. Joubert, and was finally placed in position during the following summer. The screen shutters being added in December, 1920.

On February 2nd, 1921, the War Memorial was dedicated, which stands in the western entrance of the church.

By November, 1921, the embroidery of the White Fontal was found to be defective, and was repaired for the sum of £17, taken from the Sanctuary Fund.

Lord Halsbury's death on December 11th, is noted, at the great age of ninety-eight years.

A Girl Guide Service was held, two hundred and sixty guides attending, when the Colours of the First Kensington Gore Company were dedicated.

On February 28th, 1922, Princess Mary's marriage took place ; and on Palm Sunday the Vestry Meeting, according to practice ; Mr. C. J. Sturdy taking the place of Mr. Corbet-Milward as People's Church Warden ; Mr. George Macmillan being again elected as Vicar's Warden.

As usual, for many years past, the Rev. and Hon. E. V. R. Powys sent his splendid contribution of one hundred guineas to church funds, adding five guineas for the choir boys.

By the year 1923, Canon Deane had completed his sixth year of service at All Saints, his church wardens were still Mr. George Macmillan and Mr. C. J. Sturdy, while his sidesmen included the following :

Sir Robert Balfour.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Herbert Belfield.

Lord Emmott.

Lord Goschen.

Gen. Sir Herbert Lawrence and Mr. Corbet-Milward.

Canon Deane writes in the magazine of "a most refreshing change in more congregational singing," and he mentions the fact that Major and Mrs. Holland were bringing a cinema for the entertainment of the Sunday School children. He further urges people to engage sittings, because though the congregations were larger, the rent of seats was lower.

He also spoke of a lecture he had given in Southend in a Congregational Chapel ; the neighbourhood squalid and most unattractive, the chapel itself, "large and hideous," holding 1450 sittings, but out of these, only 40 were unlet.

Besides all this, no less a sum than £1000 per annum was sent from this poor parish to Foreign Missions, and outside objects, the richest contributors among them being only small shopkeepers.

The Enabling Bill having recently become law, it became necessary to elect a Parochial Council, which was designed to give the Laity more of a say in Church matters. To be entitled to vote, one had to place one's name on the Electoral Roll; a man or woman must be over the age of eighteen years, and though not necessarily resident, must be "an attender" at the church in which it was intended to vote.

The first meeting of the Parochial Council was held at 70 Ennismore Gardens, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkings. This consisted of fifteen persons in all :

The Vicar and Curate.

The two Church Wardens.

Six Sidesmen.

Mr. Sanders.

Mrs. Farrer.

Mrs. Christian and Miss M. Aldridge.

With the two Church Wardens, Lady Emmott and Mrs. Hawkings were elected to attend the Ruridecanal Council, while the following names were added to the Parochial Council : Miss Marsham, Mrs. Mashiter, and Mrs. Partington.

At this meeting the subject of the smallness of the congregations was deplored, especially so when distinguished preachers such as Canon Storrs, or the Deans of St. Paul's or Westminster came to preach; nothing could be more depressing and uninspiring than to address a sermon to empty pews.

Two books were recommended to people in sorrow, one *The Key of the Grave*, by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and another, *Those who love God never meet for the last time*.



CHURCH PROMENADE IN HYDE PARK

Always a keen churchman, and a delight to hearers as he read the lessons, Mr. George Macmillan wrote a letter to his fellow parishioners, urging the wider adoption of the Duplex system, by which those prevented attending church through illness or absence, should not miss contributing.

In the magazine the dirt of the church walls was deplored, but as Sgraffitto can be scrubbed with soap and water, this means was suggested as a simple remedy for the trouble.

The sudden death of a noted parishioner was that of Mr. George Lockett; with him All Saints lost one of its best supporters, and Canon Deane wrote warmly of his "unfailing friendship to himself."

He was ever ready with wise suggestions, and moreover practical help; indeed the Vicar added that "he thought so much of other people, he left no time to think about his own physical weaknesses."

Speaking of Armistice Day, the Vicar urged that it should be kept in a spirit of thanksgiving, while at the same time we should think with pride of those who had been called upon to render "The Great Sacrifice." He concluded with these words:

"Though disappointments and difficulties followed 1918, picture the results had we been the vanquished." He also spoke of notable legal residents who had worshipped in All Saints Parish, Lord Halsbury, who was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir Ernest Pollock, Master of the Rolls.

Lord Halsbury used to sit in the third pew in front of the pulpit; he was a little roundabout man with very rosy cheeks, a most regular attendant at church, and one of its most generous supporters. He died, as already mentioned, on December 11th, 1921.

Something at the church seemed to be continually

cropping up and requiring attention, dry rot in the floor of the vestry being discovered, fortunately confined to that quarter.

By December, 1923, the discussions on the Alternative Book, as the revised Prayer Book was called, became very heated, and Canon Deane was asked by two parishioners to preach on the subject and explain the difficulties.

Canon Deane was not in favour personally of the use of two books ; he drew his hearers' attention to the case which might occur in a country village, with a change of vicars, from one book to the other, and then perhaps back again to the original book. How are children to be instructed if a continual change is to go on ? Further, he considered party divisions in our church both unwise and needless.

Though doubtless there were some details in the Prayer Book as we know it, which might be said to be out of accord with modern ideas, these can be, and indeed are, modified in practice, without the necessity of any new book.

Take for instance, the Marriage Service ; it is seldom now read exactly as printed. In the old book there is no Dedication, or Harvest Service, nor is there one specially suited to the funeral of a child, it is true, but, Canon Deane suggested, seldom is any difficulty found in meeting these wants as they occur.

He went on to quote a letter written by the Bishop of Norwich, in which he points out that for two hundred and sixty years our Prayer Book has been in treasured use by the great majority of church people. "Zealots of either extreme may find a stronger force than they imagine, outside Albert Hall Meetings and elsewhere," the letter continued, and he concluded by deploring "the vision of 'an alternative Church' cut up into small fractions wrangling over entries," and then in conclusion wrote of "the glory of one Body united, setting forward the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The fact that many of the poorer parishioners had been obliged to leave their houses when demolished, and had found homes elsewhere, was commented on in the magazine, and it was pointed out that it would not be kind to neglect them, more especially as the Christmas season came round.

When Canon Deane had completed his seven years at All Saints, he pointed this out to his parishioners, five and a half years having been the previous average of vicars.

"Why," he asked, "have vicars remained so short a time? Is it because to be Vicar of All Saints is so distinguished a position, holding out certainties of preferment? Or is it for a very different reason, namely, that they have found five or six years as much as they could endure? Perhaps," he continued, "at half-way lies the truth. It is," he goes on, "a most attractive parish, full of distinguished people, and nowhere is more kindness shown. But effective work is difficult, more so in recent years, and it is unlikely to become easier." He notes that to try and run All Saints Parish on the usual parochial lines, disappointment is sure to follow, either a vicar will agree with the Bishop who had remarked gaily to Canon Deane when coming here, that "he was moving to the most heart-breaking parish in London, and would go elsewhere in despair," or else he might feel with the gentleman in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and say to himself complacently, "I can't do what I would, I must do what I can."

CHAPTER XVI

Once Resident Parishioners. "Robbing Peter to Pay Paul."
"Old-fashioned Churchgoers." Chill of Empty Pews.
From Mainstream into Sluggish Backwater. Indiscriminate
Charity Deplored. Money a Stewardship. Plausible
Beggars. Wembley Exhibition. All Saints Choir Sings
there. Thanked by Dr. Nicholson. No Tea, no Sermon.
Lord Listowel Dies. His links with the Past. The
Crimea. The Alma. Lord and Lady Goschen leave for
Madras. The Church House Project. A Site is Available.
A Splendid Offer. Mrs. George Lockett's Munificent Gift.
A bad thick Fog does not stop the Choir coming. Mr.
George Macmillan's Encouragement. Bath Abbey Tablets.
"Bath waters lay the Dust." Memorials at All Saints.

IN the days when most of the more modern West End
of London churches were built, it was with the idea
of resident parishioners, not of the ebb and flow which
obtains to-day between town and country, week-ends and
long residences abroad. Efforts made to attract congrega-
tions by devices, more or less laudable, had the unfortunate
result sometimes of filling one church at the expense
of another or, as used to be said: "Robbing Peter to
pay Paul."

All Saints is, of course, peculiarly vulnerable in this
way, lying as it does tucked away in a corner, far from any
thoroughfare.

A church like, say, St. Mary Abbots, may strike the
fancy of a passer-by; he turns in and, possibly attracted
by what he finds there, decides to return, and may become
a regular attendant. Then here we have no schools,
which, as I have already suggested, makes for less life
in a Parish, no guilds or other organizations. Reduced
as the Parish is from its original size by nearly one-half,

the church is still, as we have seen, only able to seat one in four of its parishioners should they decide to attend its services.

Of course many of the larger houses are only occupied for a part of each year, caretakers representing the owners.

Fortunately All Saints still can count upon a certain number of what may be termed "old-fashioned church-goers," loyally attached to its services, and ready to help munificently when the occasion arises.

It is at the time of the Great Festivals that the chill of absence and empty pews is most felt.

Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide find many away in their country homes, visiting friends or travelling abroad, and, no doubt, as Canon Deane observed: "This all makes matters very difficult and discouraging for any Vicar, who has been accustomed to the stimulus of a crowded church, with a flourishing parochial life; it felt indeed," he concluded, "like the transition from a main stream into a sluggish backwater."

Of course preaching to a congregation such as is found at All Saints means a very great responsibility, as the responsibilities of hearers elsewhere are so great, so many of them being at times occupied in fields of great usefulness and vast importance, both in this country and abroad.

Canon Deane used to urge his congregation not to squander their charity on unworthy objects, when all that could be had was so direly needed for deserving cases.

It was the duty of rich people to look on their money as a Stewardship, to be wisely and carefully administered, not spread out over too many objects; better to find a few good causes, and render them substantial help, than to fritter money away in small sums. "Never, on any account, give a beggar even a shilling, simply to get rid of him; in doing so one may be wronging a genuine working man, toiling to support his wife and family by the sweat of his brow. There were so many rogues about,"

he said, and, as we all know, times have not changed much in that way during the past eleven years. He talks of: "One who would plead 'he was just out of prison,' another only asked for 'a night's lodging,' so hard to refuse; perhaps a man would plead he had held a Commission in the Scots Guards, or a woman say she had had her pocket picked, having no money to take her home, 'could she just have the price of a ticket'?" How well we know their successors of to-day, and how similar are their tales of woe.

A great exhibition of world-wide interest took place at Wembley in the summer of 1924. Great expectations were entertained that a huge impetus to trade would be given, every inducement being held out to persuade the public to patronize it. The Royal Family did all that was possible by frequent visits; schools and parishes from the country sent up large contingents; but whether it was too far away, or whether the shock of war too recent, somehow it never seemed to come up to the results which had been hoped for, and financially was far from a success.

A chapel, with a chaplain and regular services was arranged for, where Canon Deane officiated occasionally. Towards choir expenses the congregation of All Saints being invited to subscribe the sum of £5—£6 17s. 6d. was found in the box provided. All Saints choir, having formed part of the Westminster Festival held there, received the thanks of the Abbey organist, Dr. Nicholson, for their useful help.

There is a story told of a day when All Saints choir, having officiated in the Chapel at Wembley, found that, by some mistake, no tea had been provided for them at the close of the service, before they were obliged to hurry back to London in order to take part at Evensong in their own church.

They, being human, were doubtless also hungry, and

longing for the cup "which cheers but not inebriates." Canon Deane, ever thoughtful and considerate, grasping the fact that no refreshment had been available, ascended the pulpit only to announce that, as no tea had been possible that day for the choir, no sermon would be delivered. Then, pronouncing the Blessing, he dismissed the congregation.

About this time the Earl of Listowel died, whose widow still resides at Kingston House. Lord Listowel possessed many interesting recollections. He had been on duty as an officer in the Guards at the funeral of the Iron Duke; he remembered the days of sailing vessels, before the use of steam, and also when coaches, instead of trains, were the usual mode of travel. He had fought in the Crimea, and was wounded at the battle of the Alma. He detested any idea of self-advertisement, preferring to do his many acts of kindness quietly.

Of an intensely religious nature and faith, no bad weather ever stopped his attendance at church of a Sunday.

One of All Saints sidesmen, Viscount Goschen, about this time left London with Lady Goschen, in order to take up the Governorship of Madras for a term of five years.

For a long time the need of a church room had been acutely felt in All Saints Parish, but no house adjacent seemed likely to be available, and the matter, though an important one, was given up for a time as impossible. Then, unexpectedly, a site came into the market, being part of a house close to the church, No. 65 Ennismore Gardens. There was in it one large hand-panelled room on the ground-level, bow windows looking into Ennismore Mews, with stables below, possible of being converted into a garage, while above were bedrooms, where a flat could be arranged for Mrs. Hinde. This seemed the very thing which was so badly wanted, as 36 Trevor Square was so inconveniently far away.

But the price asked was £2,000, which seemed prohibitive. However, an anonymous donor came forward offering £1,500, which made things seem more hopeful, and eventually the freehold was purchased for the sum of £1,750, the remaining money, required for furnishing and alterations, being given by the same generous lady, afterwards found to be Mrs. George Lockett. The money which the congregation had already subscribed was thus set entirely free, to be used for the most necessary cleaning and repairs within the church itself.

It was found that the pillars being made of metal were so ingrained by dirt that painting was a necessity in order to get them to look as they should do.

With Mrs. Lockett's magnificent gift two conditions were to be observed as to the use of the Church House.

1. To reserve the right of holding meetings should she wish to do so, but not more than twelve in any one year.

2. To place therein a tablet to the memory of her husband.

All this being gladly agreed to by the Church Council, things began to move.

Then, as usual, came a blow over the estimates. However, Mrs. Lockett splendidly rose to the occasion by increasing her gift to £2,500, and later adding yet a further £500 to complete the work satisfactorily.

Parishioners of All Saints should never forget what is owed to her unstinted generosity in this and other matters.

On January 11th, 1925, a bad thick fog enveloped the City, and almost obliterated the altar from the congregation. They, however, Canon Deane noted, had not displayed the same courage as the choir men in coming to service, some of the latter travelling long distances in order to be present. The Vicar records his sincere gratitude to Mr. George Macmillan for his unfailing encouragement in all matters parochial, more especially with regard to the project of the Church House.

Talking of the scarcity of mural tablets in our church,

the Vicar referred to the contrast to be seen at Bath Abbey in this respect, and quotes the following lines as a suitable description of that ancient Fane :

“ These walls, adorned with monument and bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.”

“ Instead of tablets,” he added, “ in All Saints we possess our beautiful reredos, choir stalls, organ case, paving of the Sanctuary, and its chairs, all inscribed as memorials to parishioners who have worshipped here, and passed on to that higher life which lies beyond the veil.”

CHAPTER XVII

A new Iron Gate. Opening of the Church House. Mr. Stammers Dies. Had succeeded Lord Goschen as Sidesman. The first Jumble Sale. The War days Recalled. The Coal Commission. An Interesting Pamphlet. Gen. Sir Herbert Lawrence takes part. A Fixed Date for Easter. St. Augustine's Pupil. Church of St. Peter. Keys of Heaven. An Amusing Entry in the Address-book. Jubilate or Benedictus. Tidying up the Churchyard. The New Heating Apparatus. No Divorced Persons. "Till Death us do part." An Amateur Burglar. Mrs. Marsham Dies. Lord Emmott's Sudden Death. "A City yet to Come."

IN June, 1924, a new iron gate was placed in the churchyard, and directions given that it should be locked up at nightfall; the cost of this gate was £21.

Two garages belonging to the Church House premises, being let, were a financial help in providing the necessary funds for upkeep.

On Wednesday, July 1st, the opening ceremony of the Church House took place, with Mrs. Lockett and Mrs. Deane acting as hostesses. Mrs. Lockett having deprecated any speech-making, it simply became an enjoyable family gathering. Canon and Mrs. Carnegie were amongst the honoured guests present.

In 1925 a new piano was asked for and given by Mrs. Lockett, while an anonymous gift of £5 was spent on a music stool and cabinet. In December the death of Mr. Stammers took place; he had been chosen as sidesman on Lord Goschen's departure for Madras.

He was ever a devoted churchman, with an eager interest in all matters concerning All Saints.

About this time Mrs. Corbet-Milward held a successful Jumble Sale, the first time this effort was called by its more modern title (in place of the older "Lumber") in church annals.

How useful the Church House was proving itself may be judged from the fact that, from this date forward, Sunday classes, Mothers' Meetings, lectures, sales and Parochial Council Meetings are recorded as having been held there.

In January, 1926, Canon Deane recalled the day when maroons had heralded a German air raid, and how one of our own shells, as we have seen, punctured the roof of the church in its flight to earth.

He spoke also of the maroons' call when Peace was proclaimed in 1918, and how high hopes had been raised of better things to come.

But, alas ! instead of such fulfilment, the reaction after years of strain was seen in little but a desire "To have a good time as the chief aim of life."

Next, the great Coal Commission is touched on, which followed on the heels of the General Strike, already spoken of in these pages. The coal question has always been one of great difficulty, the conditions and labours of miners varying so infinitely in different districts of the coalfields. In some places the seams of coal have been worked down to so vast a distance below the surface that, to win the coal, means an enormously increased risk to the miners. In other places the coal is of a much superior quality, and consequently better repays the cost of bringing it to the surface. A Government paper written at that time on the findings of this Commission, is quite as interesting to the general public as any novel could be ; having read it myself, and also made several speeches on the subject, I commend it heartily to the notice of any readers anxious to obtain information on this very important question.

A sidesman of All Saints was appointed to sit upon this

Commission, General Hon. Sir Herbert Lawrence ; there was an enormous amount of labour entailed, the members sitting for many months at work which was undertaken quite gratuitously, before arriving at their conclusions ; displaying in this a fine example of patriotism combined with practical Christianity.

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The panel which was placed in the Church House by Mrs. Lockett in memory of her husband, was the work of Mr. Joubert, who had also carved her gift of the organ case and panels from the design of Mr. George Jack.

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It is a curious fact that the question of a fixed Easter has vexed the minds of Christians ever since the days of St. Augustine, in the seventh century of our era.

We read how he met the northern bishops at Cricklade in Wiltshire, beneath the shade of a venerable oak, to debate this very question ; also of the Saint's instruction to his Kentish pupil, the Lady Eanfleda (who had married Oswy, King of Northumbria), in the matter of Easter, as a movable Feast. Oswy, however, refused to accept the Roman usage, choosing rather the north British ; consequently much confusion prevailed, as one half of the Court would be feasting, while the other fasted.

The case was argued out by the Roman envoy before King Oswy, stressing the view that as the Church of St. Peter held the keys of Heaven, Oswy would have small chance of ever getting there should he not obey its Decree. The Roman plan was therefore adopted and still prevails, though many object to its inconvenience, as the date, of course, alters annually.

In April, 1926, Mr. C. J. Sturdy gave up the post of Church Warden, on account of his having to spend six months of every year in his country place.

He was succeeded by Sir Herbert Belfield, Mr. George Macmillan being the other Warden.



IN OLD HYDE PARK
By P. Nasmyth.

It was decided to place a parish book in the west end of the church, inviting new parishioners to enter their names and addresses therein.

A friend of ■ new-comer, thinking possibly that a clerical visit might be useful to him, entered his name, asking thereby for a call from the Vicar. A curious mistake occurred. A number of devotional books were kept on the same table as the address book, the title of one being *In Paradise*. A member of the congregation having borrowed and returned this book, entered the fact by mistake in the address book, and so the address of the new-comer read thus : " In Paradise."

A question arose as to the reason why the Jubilate is now so seldom sung in any churches ? The reply given being that in Victorian days it was sung owing to a misapprehension, as it was originally intended to replace the Benedictus, when that Canticle occurred in the reading of the Second Lesson for the Day.

Mr. Sturdy found the churchyard in a very unsatisfactory state, being littered up with stones and brickbats left lying there, when the alterations were concluded, in a very untidy fashion.

It was all cleared up at his suggestion, and ■ green sward sown down.

When the new heating apparatus was put into the church, £500 was the sum required ; Lord Emmott and Mr. Macmillan each subscribing handsomely, as did Mrs. Lockett.

Unless a special licence is obtained from the Bishop, no marriages of divorced persons are permitted to take place in All Saints, the promise made of " till Death us do part," being held there to be binding while life lasts.

When the money had been collected to pay for the reheating of the church, it was found that the furnace was

so incorporated with the actual building made seventy years previously, that it was necessary to break it entirely up, before installing the new material.

The greater comfort given by fourteen hot-water radiators, as against fierce spasmodic blasts of hot air, was acknowledged by all.

One night soon after this the church was entered by a burglar.

He got in by breaking a pane of glass in one of the lower windows. Thirsty, he refreshed himself with a glass of water, but did not attempt to attack the safe, or even get into the church proper, confining his activities to making a tremendous mess when searching the cupboards and drawers in the Vestry for possible loot.

A great loss to All Saints was the death of Mrs. Marsham. Her unselfish kindness had endeared her to all her friends, and sincere sympathy was extended to her daughters, both of whom are so well known in the Parish for their helpful work.

At the close of the year, on December 20th, 1926, Lord Emmott's death took place very suddenly; he thus escaping the pain of inevitable failure and old age.

He was a politician in the best sense of the word, a keen North-country business man, honoured alike by employers and employed.

He loved to be at home, and was by nature profoundly religious, having also a keen love for his church.

On the Thursday before his death he had spoken in the House of Lords, and the next day in Lancashire; reaching his London home on the Saturday. The following day, Sunday, found him at his post in All Saints, acting as sidesman, his call coming on the Monday, to higher activities, and loftier worship than that of earth.

How often, on a clear and frosty starlit night, a mourner will gaze up into the firmament, so silent, so mysterious,

and note the brilliance and the beauty of those distant worlds, moving along in such harmonious order as the ages pass.

All so apparently unconcerned, so heedless of the happenings, the griefs and sadness, of our tiny planet. But let us ask ourselves this question.

Why are we permitted to witness this gorgeous procession ?

Why should it ever be visible to our human eyes ?

A slight thickening of our surrounding atmosphere, and no hint of the stars' very existence would ever have reached our sight, though still the sun might warm us, and the moon reflect his glory.

Why, then, are we allowed to see them ?

Is it not in order to teach us the simple lesson that, out and far beyond our human ken, there lies a City, where, when "the fever of life is over, our work done, and the busy world is hushed," we, and those we loved on earth so dearly, may, trusting in the tender care of our Heavenly Father, yet find "safe lodging," and a home of perfect and abiding peace.

Are the following lines familiar to my readers ? If so, perhaps they will forgive my quoting them.

They are said to be from the pen of a mediæval Jew, who himself doubtless had known sorrow !

"The stars are mighty use,
The way is dark and long,
The Road foul,
And where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o'er some cloud,
May cheer much way,
Or guide a crowd.
They are our pillar fires,
Seen as we go,
They are that City's shining spires
We travel to."

CHAPTER XVIII

1927

“ Not yet, but I hope to do so.” Long Services. Mr. Fitzcosta. A former Vestry Meeting. No Ladies Permitted. A Meeting at Worcester Cathedral. Archdeacon’s Visitation. His Fee of Eighteen Shillings. Why he wears Gaiters. Lady Desert Dies. “ Could keep a Secret.” Where the Diocesan Funds Go. Lessons read Distinctly. Sir Guy Stephenson. Etchings of the Church. New Prayer Book Rejected. Dowager Lady Halsbury Dies. A City Living Offered and Declined. Lady Emmott’s Gifts. Comment on Wireless Services. Two Hundred Letters after Canon Deane’s Broadcast. More Gifts from Parishioners. The Vicarage is Tottering. Brigadier-General Stone appointed Sidesman. Death of Sir Henry Procter. Vicarage “ Stabilized.” Sir Wyndham Murray Dies. His Pathetic Custom. Death of Miss Grimston. A Generous Friend. The U.S.A. Ambassador. Bishop Brent at All Saints. A Correspondent Complains. General Stone’s Death. A Busy, Useful Life. “ How Short my Passage, so it be Safe.”

A STORY is told of an old man in a village who was asked by a stranger of an inquisitive turn of mind : “ Have you lived here all your life ? ” And the reply he received was as follow :

“ Not yet, but I hope to do so.”

Though All Saints has had many changes in her vicars as the decades have passed away, it would seem that her officers have, on the contrary, been singularly permanent. As we have seen, Mr. Sanders has remained in his post since 1897, and Mr. L. J. Brown, the choirmaster, is only two years behind him ; while Mrs. Hinde, our late

vestry clerk and church worker, completed her thirty-ninth year of office in 1934.

Our vergers, Mr. Fitzcosta, also looks like a stayer ; his cheerful air, when welcoming strangers on a Sunday morning to the service, is a pleasure to behold. He succeeded Mr. Mailes, and was at first engaged only to come on Sundays, but this was found to be inconvenient, as visitors during the afternoons would find the church empty. Besides it was known that several small thefts had occurred. There was also the furnace to stoke, and various other duties which required attention during the course of the day.

Therefore, in April, 1927, Mr. Fitzcosta abandoned other work, and took on the whole-time duty of vergers.

In May, 1927, Canon Deane called to mind what the vestry meetings of former days had been like.

There would necessarily be present the Vicar, and two Church Wardens, Capt. French of Rutland Gate, and perhaps the two Sidesmen. No ladies ever attended or dreamt of coming, indeed Dean Inge had spoken of the same dreary function which had to be gone through in his day.

What had the procedure been ? First the Vicar would nominate his Warden ; then one Sidesman would propose, and the other second, the People's Warden. The two Wardens would then, in their turn, propose and second two Sidesmen, when someone would propose and another second a vote of thanks to the Vicar for presiding, the whole affair perhaps occupying ninety seconds.

Well, things are better than that now, as a certain number of parishioners *do* attend the Palm Sunday meeting, and *are* interested to hear what has been happening in their Parish, also what the proposals are, which may be put forward for the coming year.

In May, 1927, a clock was presented to the Church House by two parishioners, admirably in keeping with the panelling of the room.

Canon Deane had been preaching in Worcester Cathedral, surprised to find seated in the stall next him Archdeacon Peile, once also Vicar of All Saints.

It is the duty of an Archdeacon to visit the churches of his Archdeaconry at stated periods, in order to examine the church possessions, such as plate, etc., to enquire into improvements and developments, in fact generally to inform himself as to what is going on in each parish.

His fee of 18s. is an odd survival of the day when Archdeacons went on their rounds, mounted on horseback, which fact accounts for the gaiters still protecting their legs ; each parish was also liable to supply a feed for the horse, not to speak of one for his august rider.

In October, 1927, a well-known old parishioner, Lady Desert, died. She had been the centre of a large circle of relatives and friends for many a long day, trusted by all, not only to keep a secret, but was also specially possessed of power in " helping lame dogs over stiles," when they found them difficult.

She counted friends in every class of life, having the unselfish quality of thinking of others rather than of herself. She had had the unusual happiness of celebrating her golden wedding.

In December, 1927, the question as to what use was made of the Diocesan Fund was discussed, and the uses to which it had been devoted during the previous year were stated.

1. Helping East End churches.
2. Building mission rooms.
3. Paying Lay Readers.
4. Supporting Church Schools, and helping them to meet the Board of Education demands.
5. Rescue work.
6. Raising the salaries of the clergy in poor benefices.

The money is allocated by the Board of Finance, who have estimated what their requirements will be, before dividing the burden as Quotas among the various parishes concerned.

The handsome lectern designed by Mr. Forsyth was given by Mr. George Macmillan who, as the notes of that day truly state, always "obeyed" the injunction contained in the Rubric, to "read distinctly, and with an audible voice." It is sad to reflect that never again shall we hear that voice in All Saints, but that his son has been able to take his father's place is a satisfaction to parishioners.

Sir Guy Stephenson was another reader whose services were missed when he passed away. A really fine reader has power to convey the meaning of a chapter to the minds of his hearers, really teaching them a lesson, without arousing any of that hostility which we are told instruction is sometimes apt to call forth.

In December, 1927, an exhibition took place at the Fine Arts Gallery, when Mr. P. H. Wilson, a Sidesman at All Saints, exhibited two delightful etchings of the church, which received commendation from eminent artists.

In January, 1928, the proposed New Prayer Book was rejected by the House of Commons, by a majority of seventeen votes.

At the preceding Christmastide, a venerable figure, the Dowager Lady Halsbury, passed away.

She, like Lord Emmott, had a short illness, having been present in church the Sunday preceding her death.

She was also a devoted churchgoer.

Canon Deane had the offer about this date of a City living, in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's; it had light duty and a pleasantly substantial income attached to it, but he preferred to remain where he was for the present, completing his tenth year of office.

Another gift noted is that of the panels to complete the pulpit, which were given by Lady Emmott in February, 1928, in memory of her husband ; while three new stops, which had been prepared for in the organ, were added—an anonymous donation.

Reflecting on the newly introduced wireless religious services, Canon Deane questioned : “ Were they having the result of emptying the churches ? ”

In a way, perhaps, this may be a result, but taken from another point of view, surely the influence they may bring to bear is illimitable.

We are told that it is possible that no less than twenty-nine million people may be listening in to one broadcast, and so reaching goals which no sermon could have ever hoped to find. Think of the former ways of seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in, “ and the opportunity which is now afforded by listening instead to the beautiful service at York Minster or St. Paul’s Cathedral.” Canon Deane had himself broadcast, his view being to hearten and encourage his audience. His response was amazing.

Within the following week, no less than two hundred letters were received by him, only three of which were in argument or disagreement.

Most expressed such sincere gratitude, saying : “ How beautiful, how sincere, how moving.” So it was all well worth while.

In March, 1928, Lady Emmott presented new kneeling cushions for the step of the Sanctuary, and a Litany desk. Mrs. Lockett also agreed to complete her beautiful casing by carrying the cornice round the organ, so as to enclose the pipes adjoining the North gallery, while Lady Nash gave the chair on the South side of the Chancel.

By March, 1928, the Vicarage, 34 Rutland Gate, began to show serious signs of approaching collapse, and the Vicar deplored the fact that no Celebrity happened to

have been born there, so that the British nation might look upon the house as a National Trust and keep it in order.

The balcony was in a dangerous state, threatening to subside, while the area steps and railings had shown signs of giving up their respective duties.

The house had already cost Canon Deane £800 in repairs. It was really a most unsuitable dwelling for an unendowed vicarage.

In May, 1928, Mr. Macmillan and Major Holland were elected Church Wardens, and Brigadier-General Stone added to the list of Sidesmen, while Mr. Sanders became Secretary to the Parochial Church Council; Major Holland being admirably assisted in his arduous work by Mrs. Holland in addressing envelopes and such-like tasks.

In July, 1928, Sir Henry Procter died.

He was President of the Y.M.C.A. and devoted to all work connected with missions.

Money was subscribed to do the necessary repairs at the Vicarage in November, 1928, and the new oak reading-desk given anonymously.

In December, Sir Wyndham Murray died, having attained the ripe age of eighty-five years.

His was a fine old-world courtesy, and it is pathetic to read of his habit of taking notes of the sermons, which were delivered on Sundays, to read to his wife at home during her long illness.

In March, 1929, Miss Gunston, one of All Saints oldest and most loyal supporters, died. Her chief pleasure in life had been to give; indeed she used to worry herself over refusing some of the appeals made to her.

She truly obeyed the axiom, "Put something back into

the Pool of Life, which you have received,"¹ and this it was her joy and pleasure to do.

In her day, many working-class people had been resident in the Parish who found in her a generous friend and benefactor.

In April, 1929, the post of Ambassador to the United States was filled by Mr. Houghton, and he was a frequent worshipper in his Parish Church of All Saints.

Accompanying him there was the well-known Bishop Brent, whose sudden death was accounted a great loss to America.

Churchmen, statesmen and politicians trusted him, and he never failed to impress upon his countrymen the magnitude of the part which Britain had played in the Great War.

Another broadcasting sermon was delivered by Canon Deane, and many letters of thanks were received, though one did complain that "he had not proclaimed faithfully the doctrine of Eternal Damnation."

Another sudden death was that of General Stone of 49 Rutland Gate, as we have seen, a Sidesman in our church.

He took a keen interest in the Square Garden, of which committee he was chairman, and waged relentless warfare against caterpillars, assiduously collecting and placing them in envelopes for destruction.

He was for ever planning improvements, so typical of his thoroughness in greater issues, for he was an ardent political worker, and a most tactful member of many committees. Amongst his other activities he contributed articles to the *Nineteenth Century* magazine. Writing of his death, his vicar was moved to quote the words of Thomas Fuller, written in the seventeenth century:

¹ Stanley Baldwin.

“ Deliver me from sudden death, not from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be, so it be safe.

Never any weary traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of me.

Make me always ready to receive Death.

Thus no guest comes unawares to him, who keeps a constant table.”

CHAPTER XIX

A Book on Knightsbridge. High Praise of Mr. Sumner's Work. Mother-of-pearl Border. The Spirit of Worship at All Saints. Mr. and Mrs. George Macmillan. Their Golden Wedding. His many Interests. Nearing the Close of our Story. Another must Carry On. Canon Deane's Appointment. St. George's, Windsor. Letters Patent. "A Convivial Sound." Friends of St. George. Sir Wyndham Murray's Tablet. Lord and Lady Goschen home. Lord and Lady Jellicoe become Parishioners. Mr. Cruce's War Service. A Grandfather Clock. Mr. Powys Dies. Mr. Machiter's Death. Dr. Relton's Induction. *L'Envoi*.

IN Mr. Beresford Chancellor's book on Knightsbridge and Belgravia, he describes All Saints Church as certainly one of the most striking amongst London's places of worship in decoration; referring to Mr. Sumner's work, he says: "It is difficult to speak too highly of it, and to give an idea of the beautiful effects produced, where the aid of mother-of-pearl has been called in to enhance the softness and iridescence of the colour scheme."

This effect, to which he refers, is the border which surrounds the figure of our Lord on the arch of the chancel.

The Church of All Saints has never represented the views of extreme churchmen, or striven to recruit its numbers by touting or advertisement, but by providing a service with beautiful music, prayers reverently delivered and preachers of great power, capable of appealing to the intellect of the cultured, it has ever striven to keep alive the tradition received from its founders.

On July 12th, 1929, Mr. and Mrs. George Macmillan celebrated the date of their golden wedding.

In a busy life he had found leisure for voluntary service with the Hellenic Society, the Royal College of Music and the Brompton Hospital, only to mention a few of those movements in which he played his part.

We are drawing near now to the close of our story, though the history of All Saints knows no pause, and another hand may perhaps be found to continue its narrative in years to come. By November, 1929, Canon Deane was leaving. He had been offered the attractive post of "Canon of Windsor," His Majesty approving the selection.

Henceforth, therefore, his work would lie in that marvellous dream of beauty, St. George's Chapel.

Of the eight vicars who had held office in All Saints, only two had remained for a longer period than he.

Describing his new home at Windsor, he writes :

"It is a very interesting and attractive house, built mainly in the fourteenth century, but containing some details of the eleventh."

The wording of his "Letters Patent" is worth quoting in its quaint phraseology, when the Great Seal bestowed upon him :

"All and singular profits and commodities, emoluments, dividends, exceedings and refectations, and daily distributions ; Houses, mansions, and all other rights and pre-eminences, whatsoever, to the said Canonry anywise belonging."

The recipient of all these benefits humorously remarks that "exceedings and refectations have a convivial sound," but the thought of "The Chapter daily presenting themselves at the Chapter Clerk's office" is, to his mind, "particularly attractive."

Those who cannot boast a drop in their veins from the blood of a Garter Knight, may still, if they think fit, become "Friends of St. George," and going there enjoy,

not only the unusually beautiful surroundings, but listen to such singing and organ playing as is seldom heard elsewhere.

The oak chair which stands against the North wall of the Sanctuary in All Saints, was given about this time in memory of Sir A. R. Price, and the tablets on the South wall to Sir Wyndham and Lady Murray were also then erected.

Lord and Lady Goschen were welcomed back to church again after their long absence, he having served as Governor of Madras for five years, and also for six months acting Viceroy of India.

Lord and Lady Jellicoe became parishioners by taking a house in Princes Gardens, Mr. Cruse (who acted as temporary curate in charge until Dr. Relton's appointment as vicar) having served with the North Sea Fleet under Lord Jellicoe's command during the Great War.

Field-Marshal Lord and Lady Plumer were regular in their attendance, seldom missing a Sunday morning's service.

When Canon Deane was asked to choose a gift from his late parishioners he asked for a grandfather clock, so one was purchased and a brass plate attached, engraved with a suitable inscription for use in his library at Windsor.

In the death of the Rev. and Hon. E. V. R. Powys, All Saints lost a regular and most generous supporter.

Mr. Machiter, another good churchman, died on March 6th, 1930.

On May 7th, 1930, the Rev. H. Maurice Relton, D.D., was instituted Vicar of All Saints by the Bishop of Kensington, Canon Carnegie as Patron "presenting" him, a large gathering of clergymen and representative laymen attending the interesting ceremony.

Everyone living in London realizes how the beauty of buildings frequently suffers from the effects of smoky atmospheric conditions.

The Houses of Parliament are a case in point, where it is said approximately thirty tons of masonry have fallen from time to time.

All Saints Church also suffered in this way, the beauty of the Sgraffitto work being dimmed by a layer of grime ; the walls, pillars and ceilings in a like manner.

But apart from the question of cleaning, more brilliant light was required to display the colouring and beauty of line in the various forms of decoration.

Colonel, now Sir Percy Laurie, acting as People's Church Warden, accordingly issued a strong appeal to his fellow-parishioners with regard to the installation of a proper system of flood lighting. He warned them that several minor fires had already taken place by cables becoming ignited, and he put the plain facts clearly before them, as to their position with regard to insurance, should a serious fire occur, they being aware of the condition of things.

What was required was a scheme of lighting in accord with modern practice, and yet one which should not clash with existing architectural features.

This plan received the approval of the Parochial Church Council. Every care was taken by Sir Percy to ensure the best workmanship and arrangement, and on January 23rd, 1933, the church was flood-lit for the first time, quite a dramatic moment for all who were present to witness.

The cost of the new lighting in the Sanctuary was the gift of Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, as a memorial to her mother.

Another important and unique happening must be recorded.

An appeal was issued by the Government of the day to all Christian people for help in purchasing the

oldest manuscript of portions of the New Testament extant, going by the name of "the Sinaiticus Codex."

This unparalleled treasure was offered for sale by the Soviet Government at the price of £100,000, and the British Government accepted the figure, undertaking to pay from Government funds what was not provided by private subscription for its purchase.

All Saints took up the challenge, and an eloquent sermon on the subject was preached by Dr. Relton, with the truly amazing result that £522 was subscribed, and duly forwarded to the authorities. A personal letter was received by the Vicar in appreciation and congratulation from the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He suggested that if not more than five per cent of the churches had been given the opportunity to show the value they attach to the possession by the British nation of the Codex, the whole total of the required £100,000 would have come in." He considered the news "very heartening," and advocated its insertion in the newspapers, "as an example to other congregations."

L'ENVOI

IT takes a certain amount of skill to make an attractive beginning to a chronicle such as I have attempted to compile, but to keep up the interest to the "end of the Chapter" is an even more difficult feat to accomplish.

It has, of course, been written primarily with the view of placing before the parishioners of All Saints the history of their Parish from its earliest day, but it may be hoped that other readers who love their London may not find its story unworthy of their attention and interest.

As time passes, and generations vanish, it is valuable to trace the loving devotion of church people now no longer here, but who so nobly did their best as opportunity offered; and the story should surely, if given the chance, at least suggest to the parishioners of to-day that they also have a duty to perform which, if neglected by them, will then remain undone.

Each individual Parish may be likened to one brick in the great structure of our Christian Church.

Consequently each brick matters intensely for the safety and security of the entire building. All Saints being temporarily entrusted to our care, let us see to it that we fail not to do our part by providing the necessary "straw."

LIST OF VICARS OF ALL SAINTS,
ENNISMORE GARDENS, AND DATES
OF INSTITUTION

William Harness, M.A., July 27th, 1849.
Thomas Huntley Greene, M.A., January 6th, 1870.
John Blomefield, M.A., March 6th, 1873.
Ravenscroft Stewart, M.A., February 5th, 1884.
William Ralph Inge, M.A., February 2nd, 1905.
James Hamilton Francis Peile, M.A., November 3rd,
1907.
William Edward Addis, M.A., June 2nd, 1910.
Anthony Charles Deane, M.A., June 1st, 1917.
Herbert Maurice Relton, D.D., May 7th, 1930.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

Henry Addis.
Alan Balfour.
Noel Barren.
Frederick Bibby.
Maurice H. De Rougemont.
Dudley G. Blois.
T. G. Dawson.
James Euridge.
Cecil Macmillan Dyer.
Joseph Henry Hall.
Alfred Ernest Franklin.
George Hughes.
Lambert Hopgood.
Humphrey O. Bridgeman.
Frank Hudson.
John, Baron Llangattock.
Jack Langley.
Thomas S. Mitchelmore.
Wilfred Marks.
Desmond Clere Parsons.
David Sterritt.
Lawrance U. Kay-Shuttleworth.
Edward J. Kay-Shuttleworth.
Alfred Warner.
Henry Stratton.
Herbert John Walker.
Charles Pollock.
M. W. C. Williamson.
Frank Parkhouse.
Mervyn Stronge Richardson.
George Goschen.

SKIEFFINGTONS'

*New List of General Books and Novels
by leading authors*

NEW NOVELS

BORN TO BE HANGED PAUL McGUIRE

Author of "7.30 Victoria," etc.

It might be said that if ever a man was "Born to be Hanged" it was Dr. Spender. Without designating his tendencies as criminal, he was the sort of malicious busybody likely sooner or later to incur the dislike, and even hatred, of a number of persons.

And so it happened that Dr. Spender was found suspended from a tree by a lariat with a notice affixed to the body, "Death to all traitors."

The little Dorset village of Seacliff was not wholly surprised: from the retired professional men and Lord Ravenscraig down to Catchlove, a farm labourer, it was evident that all stood to gain immeasurably by that one death. Even the Vicar was guilty of strong disapproval of a man who could sell the beautiful cliff top to a Building Development syndicate.

Paul McGuire, one might add, is at his best in village society. A strong vein of comedy leavens the grim aspects of murder, a murder which is propounded with all the skill and artistry of one of the foremost detective authors of to-day.

SKEFFINGTON

THE THROWBACKS BODENHAM WEST

IN the third generation, the family of old Lord Overbury find he has made the fortune which has allowed him to purchase a title, by cheating his helpless sisters and young brother, and that the descendants of all these belong to the lower working class.

One of them, Hugh Randolph, gifted and full of ambitions, comes in contact with his wealthy cousins, whose advances he mockingly scorns. It is perhaps this contemptuous cynicism which goads on the rich Anne so much that she determines to bend him to her will, whatever the cost. The recklessness of her methods brings her into conflict with Hugh's mother, the bigoted mill-hand. In the eyes of the malevolent Martha, there is only one duty and that is to save her brilliant son from the snares of his wealthy relatives.

Through an exciting battle of wills and wits, with strong characters seeking to shape their destinies according to their own lights, events roll on relentlessly till at last romance emerges victorious from the fierce, unscrupulous fight.

MIRACLE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

EDWIN GREENWOOD

Author of "Skin and Bone," "Pins and Needles"

THIS book is a passionate plea for the restoration of Traditional Morality. What would happen in a family, nurtured in the miasma of every ultra-modern "ism" and "asm," if a Miracle were to occur? A real miracle—an intervention of God?

Where would it end? How would "modern" England take it? The Business World? The Press? The Churches? This is the question that is asked in this book and some of the replies will be sufficiently daring and controversial.

Though this book is not a "crime" story, those who enjoyed this author's other works will like this even more, and while it may bring him enemies, will, we believe, bring him even more friends. In any case, it cannot fail to stimulate both by laughter and tears.

SKEFFINGTON

CLIFFS OF SARK

GORDON VOLK

Author of "Fifty-Fifty," etc.

It was during a violent thunderstorm, with rain falling in torrents and a terrified horse drowning in the murky waters of Creux Harbour, that The Stranger came to Sark. No man saw his face when he arrived; no man *to his knowledge* ever caught so much as a glimpse of it once the gates of "Land's End," out on the desolate cliffs of Pierre Noire Bay, had closed behind him and his silent servitors.

But sometimes a spectral figure is glimpsed slinking through the night; inexplicable lights are seen on the cliffs and darkened sea, and of the several visitors, including a beautiful girl, who come to "Land's End" either openly or by stealth, some depart in feverish haste; some vanish as completely as though the earth had opened beneath their feet—as indeed it might amid the ruins of the old silver mines close at hand.

What was happening in that house of mystery and in the blackly yawning caverns and tunnels honeycombing the beetling cliffs of Sark?

The answer is to be found in this arresting story by Gordon Volk, who stands in a class by himself as a writer of thrilling adventure yarns, salty with the tang of the restless sea.

This remarkable novel will make a special appeal to all those who know and love the Channel Islands.

THE TRAIL OF THE CLOVEN HOOF

ARLTON EADIE

WHEN Hugh Trenchard decided that a walking tour in North Devon would provide the best means for relaxation after the strain of his final medical examination, he never made a greater mistake in his life. For, on the bleak expanses of Exmoor he unwittingly crossed the path of Professor Lucien Felger, and in so doing he stumbled upon one of the most astounding crimes ever conceived. Before he fully realized his position, he had become entangled in such a network of espionage and intrigue that only by a miracle did he escape with his life.

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As the story unfolds the reader will begin to understand why the wonder and amazement with which Trenchard first greeted the strange run of events was turned so rapidly into stark horror, and he will readily appreciate at the same time the vividness of terror and suspense with which Arlton Eadie has invested his tale in so masterly a manner.

This is a novel which both by its dramatic power and sensational situations will command a wide circle of readers.

THE SIGN OF THE SCORPION

EDMUND SNELL

Author of "Crooks Ltd.," etc.

A SWIFTLY moving story dealing with an attempt to shift the commercial centre of the world from the West to East, and narrated by George Irving Gray, late of British North Borneo.

Chanda Lung, believed to be half Chinese, half Hindu, constitutes the menace to Europe in general and Great Britain in particular. All the mysterious artifices of the Orient are employed in an effort to remove obstacles in the path of this new and sinister movement; including knives steeped in deadly ipoh-batang poisoning and a ravishing decoy of Circassian origin, known as Dagni Tarok, who, fortunately, develops a strong passion for Gray himself. Gray, at the time of the story a briefless barrister, has a weakness for Maisie Gorringe (voted, by brother barristers, to possess the prettiest face in London).

The outstanding character in this series of adventures is Peter Pennington—"Chinese" Pennington, of "Yellow Seven" fame. How eventually he outwits Chanda Lung, with the assistance of Gray, Inspector Parsons of the Yard, and Emile Charvoz of the Paris Sûreté, and drives both the arch-bandit and his bewitching associate to their doom in the grey waters of the English Channel is vividly and breathlessly revealed.

SKEFFINGTON

MESSRS. SKEFFINGTON & SON have been fortunate to secure the English rights of four of the late Hal G. Evarts' earlier works, which they hope to publish from time to time.

Mr. Evarts, who has a wide public, is noted for his vivid tales of the West. They are full of exciting incident and he portrays the wonderful scenery with a veracity born of intimate knowledge.

The first book to be published in the autumn is
THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

HAL G. EVARTS

Author of "Shortgrass", etc.

The North is a land of queer rumours where odd bits of news, founded on a grain of truth, are flashed from one isolated native camp to another. White men call it the Moccasin Telegraph, and those who have lived long in the North do not disregard its mutterings.

Years ago Judge Kilrain forsook civilization and disappeared into the uncharted regions of North-Western Canada. Thereafter tales were told of a mysterious and fabulously wealthy Old Man of the North and a wonderful Diana who led a pack of wolves. Clay Harrington, trying to forget an unhappy love affair, decides to investigate. With one Husky and a well-stocked canoe, he starts on his explorations—to encounter the most amazing experience of his life.

Like all Mr. Evarts' stories, it is a vigorous and romantic tale of outdoor life, describing with intense vividness the magnificent scenery of the mysterious North.

SKEFFINGTON

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM

PAULINE STILES

Author of "Lovers Must Live," etc.

THIS new and very charming love story will be appreciated by Miss Stiles' wide circle of readers.

Penelope Wren, living a simple life in the country, meets John Sias, a great violinist, and although they are mutually attracted and marry, their differences of temperamental outlook (Penelope being an etcher of no mean ability) mar their complete happiness. It is on an occasion when they are disagreeing that Sias receives an injury to his hand which ruins his career as a violinist. Other influences come into their lives and they drift apart. After many vicissitudes and misunderstandings they come together again, and although John has achieved fame as an orchestral conductor, they find that "love is greater than art."

Those who enjoyed *Lovers Must Live* will find this tale even more satisfying and absorbing.

THE GARDEN OF THE SEPULCHRE

J. FLETCHER RAY

Author of "The Hand that Drove the Nails"

THIS is a sequel to the author's most moving and successful story, *The Hand that Drove the Nails*, being a further translation of the writing of Scipio Martialis. It relates the absorbing experiences of Scipio, covering a period of twenty years as gardener in the household of Joseph of Arimathea.

With him we journey over the hills, valleys and roads whereon the Master trod. We see people of divers nations and tongues visiting the Garden; among them men whose names will live for ever in the heart of humanity. Profound—moving, as seen through the centuries of time, is the tender love idyll of Stephen and Nydia (the daughter of Scipio), culminating in the martyrdom of the maiden's lover, Stephen.

A singular and intensely realistic novel of great power and beauty. All who read Mr. Ray's first book will find this remarkable sequel equally moving and enthralling.

SKEFFINGTON

WILD BALM

REVEL HARDING

Author of "Aftermath" (22nd thousand) "Rooks Build Low," etc.

REVEL HARDING has made a name as a writer of domestic romances and undoubtedly their deserved popularity is due to the fact that the incidents recorded occur to so many people in their own lives. The plots are always interesting and the descriptions of the country are charming and have been compared to the work of that great master, George Meredith. Another strong point in this author's novels is the power of characterization and the brightness of the dialogue.

Wild Balm is not an exception to the foregoing—it has all these qualities, together with a more mature style. It is a story of a brother and sister: Ralph, young, attractive and ambitious to become a successful writer; and Leah, a homely girl who lacks a real interest in life since her health will not allow her to become a nurse as she had hoped.

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ASHES OF MURDER

GUY MORTON

Author of "Ragged Robin Murders", etc.

Ashes of Murder is Guy Morton's eighth and latest book. With each succeeding novel he enhances his reputation with the reading public, while he has gained long since a most wholesome respect from the reviewers. To a large measure this popularity is due to the freshness and individuality of his writing and in the way the solution of his detective problems defy the searchings of the most penetrative reader.

On this occasion the conundrum Mr. Morton sets is "Who killed Loren Haig, the millionaire?" The fatal shot was heard by tens of thousands, for Haig, a lover of music, was broadcasting a programme of organ music from his own home; but the knowledge of this merely served to tantalize the authorities, who could throw no light on the mystery. It was only the discovery of a startling piece of evidence that enabled two ingenious and intelligent detectives to piece together the clues and finally arrive at the unpleasant truth.

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THE GOLDEN ALASKAN

JAMES DORRANCE

Author of "Forbidden Range"

WHEN John Bartlett arrived in Nome, Alaska, he was given a letter addressed to a man of the same name advising him of a plan to murder Robertson, the manager of No Luck Creek—owned by Mildred Bradford—and offering him a share of the spoils. Together Bartlett and Mildred set out to prevent the crime by warning Robertson, but in spite of this Bartlett finds himself involved in serious trouble. He has numerous adventures and has to undergo many hardships before he eventually clears his name and finds happiness with Mildred.

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THE LAKE DISTRICT MURDER

JOHN BUDE

Author of "The Cornish Coast Murder"

JACK CLAYTON is found asphyxiated at the wheel of his car in a lonely garage at Braithwaite, near Keswick. Is it murder or suicide? This is the problem which confronts Inspector Meredith and the County Police. In the course of his investigations Meredith discovers a criminal organization being worked on a big scale under cover of the Nonock Petroleum Company. This colossal fraud and the murder are bound up together and both have to be elucidated before the gang can be brought to justice.

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NEW NOVEL

ARTHUR T. RICH

Author of "Tea"

ALL who read and enjoyed Mr. Rich's remarkable romance of *Mincing Lane, Tea*, will be glad to learn that he is at work on a new novel of exceptional power, which will be published in the late autumn or early spring. The title and particulars will be announced later.

CARAVAN INTO CANAAN

GRANT TAYLOR

Author of "Guns of Salvation Valley"

THOSE who read Grant Taylor's last novel, *Guns of Salvation Valley*, could not but have been impressed with the remarkable energy and vitality with which it was so ably enlivened.

These same desirable characteristics reappear in *Caravan into Canaan*, his most recent novel, with other welcome additions gained from experience. His Western dialogue is of the same happy and highly entertaining standard, while the vein of sly humour running throughout supplies the reader with many a chuckle. From first page to last, it is one concerted movement; from the cold-blooded murder of Ash Kinnamon as he prepares to leave Volney with his valuable herd, until the arrival into Canaan of Lynn Garland—the self-appointed protector of Ash's children.

Perhaps the greatest credit for their safe but highly perilous journey was due to Roan Trowbridge, a cowboy who did not know the meaning of fear. It was as well that he attached himself to Lynn's caravan, for in the weeks that followed their departure from Volney they encountered a collection of outlaws and desperadoes that would have shaken any but the coolest nerves.

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NEW NOVEL

ALAN MELVILLE

Author of "The Vicar in Hell"

ALAN MELVILLE is following up his brilliant and entertaining story, *The Vicar in Hell*, with a new crime story in which his powers of humour and deduction are displayed to their full. The scene is mainly laid in London, and title and particulars will be announced later.

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DANE COOLIDGE

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